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NEW STATESMAN

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Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

Why They Hate the Queen

'The first day of our Jubilee,' wrote Sir Thomas Browne, 'is Death.' Apart from this evocative phrase I can find no appropriate definition in my *Shorter Oxford*. The fiftieth anniversary of an event? A ram? A ram's horn? A time of restitution, remission or release? A year of remission during which plenary indulgence may be obtained by a pilgrimage to Rome or certain pious works? A year of emancipation and restoration, which is to be kept every 50 years, and to be proclaimed by the blast of trumpets throughout the land, during which the fields are to be kept untilled, Hebrew slaves are to be set free, and lands and houses in the open country or unwalled towns that have been sold are to revert to their former owners or their heirs? A season or occasion of general rejoicing? Hang on a minute. Hasn't there been some ghastly mistake? Is there time, perhaps, to call the whole thing off? Say – look I'm sorry, we thought the Queen had been on the throne for 50 years. It felt like that. We got it wrong. We apologise. Come back in 2002 and we'll have a *real* Jubilee.

It was, I suppose, inevitable that Sir Harold Wilson would get in on the act, with 'The Queen and I' in next week's *Sunday Express*. For the working man's Lord Melbourne, as this column called him 12 years ago, was always alive to the possibilities of playing the royal card. He took his weekly visits seriously, according to my predecessor Matthew Coady, and spent half an hour in audience – long enough to smoke one fill of his pipe, while explaining to Her Majesty just what Labour was on about. The Queen, we gather, was amused by Wilson. She was not amused by Ted Heath. Jim Callaghan, whose arrival at Number Ten coincided with her fiftieth birthday celebrations, upset the Queen by turning down an invitation to Windsor. But he has since given every public show of affection and respect for her – no doubt in the belief that this will endear him to her subjects.

But will it? Is the Queen really that popular? Or are we being taken in? For instance, the emphasis in the Jubilee celebrations has been on youth, on giving the children a good time. Yet it seems that it is only the children who are prepared to speak out against the monarchy. Julian Barnes quotes one such example on p. 750 of this issue. Some more innocent thoughts are set out below.

Last week I met a teacher from a North London infant school, who had been somewhat surprised by the attitude of her pupils. They had been working away preparing for the Jubilee, and the children seemed to be enjoying themselves. However, when asked which of them actually liked the Queen, only four out of 24 put up their hands. The rest, when asked to talk about her, exploded with venom. 'She's never done an honest day's work in her life,' said one. 'She's an old faggot,' said another. I asked the teacher if she would get her pupils to write out their views. Here they are, with a minimum of editing. All the children in the class are from working-class homes, and they are all aged about nine.

We begin with the most favourable verdicts.

HOW I LIKE THE QUEEN
I like the queen because she is kind

The Royalists were, as will be seen, the least forthcoming.

I like the queen because she has a nice mother and she is nice

Next:

I like the queen because she makes us have a tea party and some times we get free Jubilee coins from the post-office

That accounts for all the unqualified admirers apart from a young follower of Gertrude Stein:

The queen is and famous person and the queen is kind and she is a queen.

Now we reach the qualifications:

I like the queen. Be-cause she is kind. But she has a big house. And she is pose (posh) in a way she has to much mony she has to be told wear she as to go.

Next:

I like the queen a bit, but I think Why dosent she pay a rent, she knocks down building what homeless people could live in and her family are all the same too. She should pay a rent. and leave old hou(s)es for homeless people and they should be happy and gay all their life.

Finally, among those prepared to give a certain amount of credit:

I don't like the queen because we have to give her all the money. I like her Sometimes. And I wish there was'nt a Queen.

I'm afraid after this, it's downhill all the way. The first of these essays is entitled:

WHAT I THINK OF THE QUEEN. HUH

Well first I think she don't need to have that great big house which make's me feel quiet sick. One thing that anoy's me so much is that she talk's about the poor people say for instance liverpool. which is quiet a dump she talk's about them yet she won't lend them a penny will she? and yet she see's on T.V. people on the New's showing you people working like hell and yet she dos't work a bit all what I see her do she just comes to diffrent place's I hate her she a cow and a old bag

I think the queen is greddy and she is stuipid puting on the News all the time. She gets to much money and never shares it. I think she is a old bag and fell like brakeing her neck.

I don't like the Queen becau(s)e she's too posh. She is to fussy. She looks like the Joker with her white face and red lipstick and she looks like a puff porcupine with these dresses and she thinks to much of her slef and she doesn't care about the poor

I thinck the Queen is horrible because oll of owr rent goes to her. and ore tellivishan rent goues to the Queen to.

I do not like the Queen or any of her Family. Some people says she works hard but she does not work hard, and is not very kind. Some people have houses that they like very much but she knocks them down I hate the Queen. The Queen and her family needs a kick out of this world.

I don't like the Queen because she show to much and if I was the Queen I would not no wath to do wich all the maney, all the girl in our class don't like the queen and she is show of because she is in the news nearly all the time.

She doesn't care of any babye and shes got a big mouth like Jaws and shes an old bag shes only wants money and to be rich.

I dont like the queen because she dont work and my mum and dad dont like her and my sisters dont like her because she dont work. hard she. gets new clothes. I like Prince Charles better. Thaen. The queen. The queen is horribil nun of my Family likes The queen because she is stupid and she must not have children because she dont look avter them I think she is nuts and she had got a big head and she never stops talking to peaprel

What I Think about the Queen that she is very ugly because she dont have to pay her rent and the other resone that she is very posh.

I don't like the Queen because there is a million poor pepol living in tumble down houses and shes not doing a bit to help them and she says she'll help them but she dos'ent.

the Queen is very rich because she what's are many (wants our money) wen we pay the rent she get's the many and the Queen is very ugly But she is kind and I like Price Pilep

I don't like the Queen because shes to rich and she an old bag. With big enormous eyes and shes a old sag of potatos shes got four children and her mouthers called Queen Victoria and shes got a big head and shes great at talking and shes like Mike Yarwood and shes got a big trone but when shel sit on it shel break it.

I think the Queen is stuipid to wear hats all the time. I think she is spoit to have lots of beautiful clothes and hats and a *crown* She is a *old bag* and it is true so there.

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Mervyn Jones

The Doll in the Golden Coach

The state coach, clumsily shaped and about the size of an old-fashioned farm wagon, trundles slowly along. The windows are small and, from the pavement, it's difficult to see inside; such coaches were designed as moving containers of privacy, whose occupants could engage in absorbing discussion, doze or conduct seductions without being observed. A hand waves, a face appears. Leaning uncomfortably forward, the Queen is doing her best.

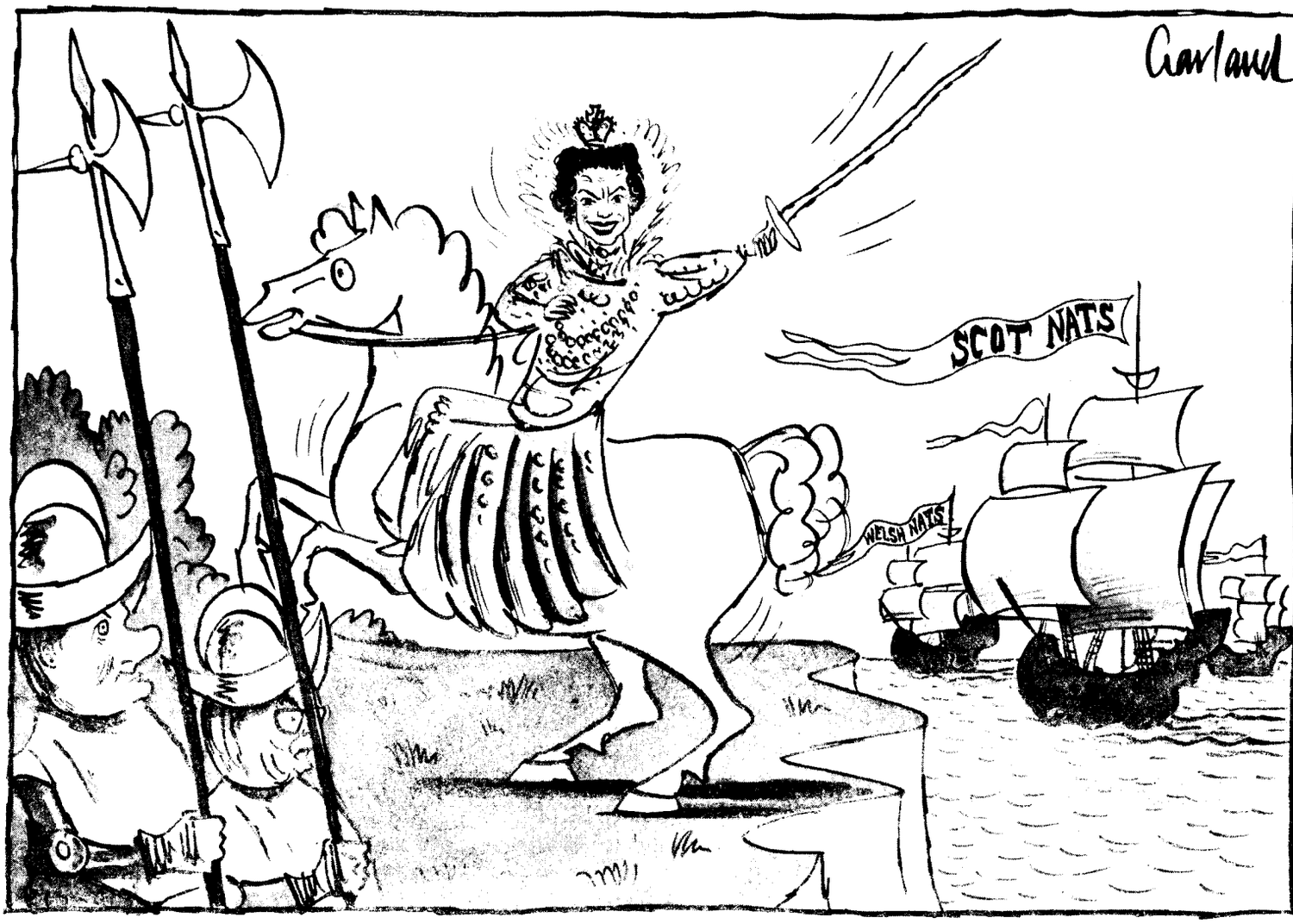
The wave is mechanical, the smile is a response to duty. When she walks, the Queen keeps to her ordained pace; she has never been seen to run or hurry. When she stops to speak to one of her subjects, she utters the correct number of words: no more, no fewer. All her public behaviour – and that means most of her conscious life – is programmed and regulated. One thinks, one can't help thinking, of those dolls which are wound up to produce a routine of actions and sounds.

It's all for the tourists, really. About that, the impresarios are brutally candid. Once, being summoned to take part in a television charade billed as a 'discussion on the monarch', I found myself seated close to the chairman of the British Tourist Board. What he had to say was simple: the Queen is his greatest come-on. A fanfare indeed for the descendant of Henry of Agincourt, of the scheming and commanding first Elizabeth, of the stubborn Charles who at least offered his head and not merely his smile. Thus is the monarch valued, her heritage swallowed by commerce – an attraction worth more than Shakespeare's birthplace and the Soho porn shops rolled into one. If Britain has become a quaint spectacle, a licensed and pensioned relief from the modern world, a Ruritania for condescending delectation, the monarchy is the special article for the customers with Diners cards.

Still, while the tourists take the front seats, thousands upon thousands of British people are gawping from the galleries. The monarchy mystifies, no doubt of that – in the full sense of the term 'mystification'. Its function is to spread a bemusing mist that conceals realities: to delude, to distort and to divert. Every Jubilee, to take the opposite case, has served a function. In 1887, to screen the poverty that had begun to worry the middle-class conscience and also to stifle a nascent republican movement. In 1897, to sanctify the trumperies of imperialism. In 1935, to conjure away the grimness of mass unemployment and the threat of Hitler. In 1977, to cover every intractable problem with excuses for complacent resignation.

Among socialists, whose presumed aim is to cleave through falsehoods and confront truths, this ought to be understood far better than it is. To put the monarchy on the immediate political agenda might well, for several good reasons, be foolish. But to assent to a consensus acclaiming its virtues is another matter. The monarchy is the apex of a structure of snobbery, unearned privilege, reverence for tradition unjustified by reason, and humiliating subservience – the complex of English vices that inhibit real social change. To make a simple point, it isn't conceivable that if we had no monarchy we should have an arbitarily appointed House of Lords.

The monarchy is a dead hand, and that is bad enough; but it's a dead hand that could dangerously come alive. Dr Kenneth Morgan, in an erudite article on p. 736 details the steady decline in royal interference on the political scene. I'm not so sure that the monarchy hasn't gained a reserve power from its unquestioned impartiality between the established parties and its assumed devotion to a numinous patriotism. Parliamentary democracy is extensively discredited in the popular mind and not entirely secure;



'I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of the United Kingdom, *too!'*

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no one can be quite certain that the seams wouldn't have come apart if the second election of 1974 had produced no majority. The summons to an authoritarian saviour could, in distinctly possible circumstances, be put across if the move were made swiftly enough and respectably enough to disarm resistance. And who would provide the respectability? It was the King of Italy who delivered power into Mussolini's hands in 1922, and the King of Greece who absolved the colonels from illegality in 1967. Nothing in the record of the British monarchy, nor in the social sympathies and prejudices of Elizabeth II, guarantees a stand against the pressures that would be exerted in such conditions.

The Queen, to be blunt about it, is a figurehead mystifyingly elevated above – yet, by all her upbringing, associated with – an aristocracy which is really a plutocracy. From what we know of her as a person, she cares a great deal about the sports and amusements that belong, for clearly financial reasons, to a privileged few; she cares very little about the achievements that can foster genuine pride in contemporary Britain, which are those of the sciences and the arts. What else should we expect? She was not chosen as head of state for any qualities or attitudes that she may possess; she was not chosen at all. Presidents selected to fill an equivalent place in other democratic countries are sometimes nonentities, but at least the choice must be justified and can be contested. In fact the list of genuinely distinguished figures who had fully earned the respect accorded to them is quite impressive: Radhakrishnan in India, Hyde in Ireland, Heuss in Germany. The insuperable objection to monarchy is that the king or queen is elevated, and respect is accorded, for no reason other than birth. At the summit of the constitutional structure, there stands a pure absurdity. No one who believes either in the claims of merit or in the pursuit of equality can defend the system.

Alex Brummer

Secrecy in the Counting House

A simple phone call to the Netherlands embassy in London is enough to establish the cost of the Dutch Royal Family. Similar calls to the US and West German embassies will yield the cost of their respective heads of state. But after 25 years of Elizabeth II's reign there is still no simple way of discovering or understanding the workings of our royal finances. In three respects, however, they remain out of line with the rest of Britain in the late 1970s.

Since World War II the UK economy, under both Tory and Labour governments, has become increasingly welfare oriented – using the weapon of a progressive taxation system to meet this end. But the Queen pays virtually no tax on her income and more importantly on her capital. The royal family gets richer as the pips of the non-royal rich squeak louder.

The last 25 years have also seen a slow but sure move towards more open government. Commons Select Committees hold their hearings in public. Public bodies and corporations produce more and more details on their financial affairs. And company law is steadily being strengthened to bring about maximum disclosure. Yet the modern traditions of the monarchy run in the opposite direction. Debate in Parliament on the details of the royal finances is virtually taboo. And in its bid to preserve the secrecy of the royal shareholdings the Palace recently obtained special exemption from tough new disclosure measures.

The Seventies have not matched up to the hopes and aspirations of the 'never had it so good' Fifties and Sixties. They have been an economically testing time plagued by high inflation and unemployment. To beat these twin evils governments of all complexions have used the direct controls of pay policy in an attempt to keep some grip on the economy. This has effectively meant that, with wages tied down and inflation rampant, real incomes have been tightly squeezed. At such a time the Civil List paid to members of the Royal Family has been effectively index linked to the cost of living. Further because her expenses,

'The Royal Family are just plain folks like us – except with more horses and hats and things.'

like the £1.6m. cost each year to maintain five palaces, are directly paid from the Exchequer the Queen is directly insulated from inflation. The public sector has been forced to cut back on welfare services, to satisfy Britain's bankers from the International Monetary Fund, but the Department of the Environment on behalf of the Queen has invested in a £500,000 new Royal Train for Jubilee year.

What, then, lies beneath the veil which shrouds the royal finances from the public eye? First, there is the Civil List which is commonly thought of as the Royal Family's salary for carrying out the functions of Head of State. There is expenditure on services provided for the Royal Family such as the Queen's Flight which are directly charged to a government Department and might be compared to an expense account. And finally the Queen's private income – a motley collection of revenue which accrues from private estates, from investments, and what she manages to save from the Civil List.

The cost to the nation of the Civil List is not out of line with what other nations pay their heads of state. But there are two unusual aspects to it. First, it is index linked. This meant that in 1976 the Queen's award from the Exchequer climbed £1.4m. to £1.7m. and with inflation running at around 17 per cent at present it will be heading for £2m. in 1977. The second unusual feature of the Civil List is the spread of the net. No less than ten members of the Royal Family enjoy Civil List payments (although the Queen does support five of these herself through the Royal Trustees). Like the Queen, other members of the Family enjoy index linking – in 1976 Princess Margaret's income went up to £50,000 from £35,000 and Princess Alice, the dowager Duchess of Gloucester, got a £5,000 rise to £25,000 and so on. In addition Princess Margaret lives rent free at Kensington Palace which means that the repairs and upkeep of her home are looked after by the Department of the Environment. The same advantages are bestowed on other members of the Family living in the state subsidised palaces.

Prince Charles does not receive a Civil List payment but does get, tax free, the annual income of the Duchy of Cornwall – which stands at anything to £259,000 a year. As a gesture of goodwill he gives up half of this to the Exchequer. He reserves, however, the right to change his deal with the Treasury if he gets married.

The thinking behind the indexation of the Civil List was to aid the Queen in meeting the ever increasing wage and pensions cost of the royal household during a period of rapidly rising inflation. But it is worth noting that, although the Royal Family may have improved the lot of the pensioners of its household, over the last couple of years there is no way that current employees in the household could have had such rises without breaking the pay code.

Since 1697 – when the Civil List was first established – it has grown periodically. Yet the expenses paid from it shrink year by year. It has been common practice over the years for the monarch to hive off expenses to the Exchequer. Salaries of certain members of the royal household, for instance the Treasurer and the Vice-Chamberlain, were moved across to the Civil Estimates in 1936. In the same year the state also took over the repairs of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. In 1951 telephone, fuel and lighting costs at the palaces were moved across to the Exchequer. The list goes on. In 1952 the Ministry of Defence took over *Britannia* and the Royal Flight and in 1972 the then

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ning costs of the Royal Train and the Government Hospitality Fund took over the remaining expense of state visits to this country.

It can be argued that for the privilege of letting the taxpayer foot its bills the Royal Family has given up to the state the revenues from the vast and highly profitable Crown Estates, some small hereditary revenues and the Duchy of Cornwall (which has since been given to the Prince of Wales). It was George III who handed over the Crown Estates to the Exchequer in exchange for a lump sum Civil List payment. In so doing he almost certainly sowed the seeds of the unrest about the royal finances which exists today.

When Elizabeth II came to the throne in 1952 the revenues from the Crown Estates stood at £880,000. They now stand in excess of £5m., thereby almost counteracting the cost of the Queen's expense account to the taxpayer. But these Crown Estates which include Regents Park, Regent Street, large parts of Piccadilly, Whitehall and the City as well as Ascot and Windsor Great Park no longer belong to the Royal Family but the state. Had they remained in the hands of the monarchy, and normal death and estate duties had operated, much of the 'Estates' would have been returned to the state anyway.

The most fascinating aspect of the Queen's balance sheet is her personal income and wealth. It has been a great and popular challenge for writers on the monarchy all over the world to guess at the Queen's worth and place her in the league table of the world's rich. The mystique surrounding this aspect of the royal finances has never been lifted – even at the time of the Select Committee on the Civil List in 1971 which took the most sustained look ever made. Certain things are known. The Queen derives an income of around £325,000 per annum from the Duchy of Lancaster but her incomes from the Balmoral and Sandringham estates remain secret. All we know of Sandringham is that the Queen pays minimal rates – £473 in 1973. A similar cost to what Mr Average living in his 'semi' in North London might pay.

Estimates of the royal fortune range from £10m. to £80m. It all depends what is included. The upper figure almost certainly takes in an element for the Queen's art and stamp collections which to all intents and purposes are inalienable. The greater mystery lies over her personal investments – part of which at least are in shares. We know she has City bankers Barings, stockbrokers Rowe and Pitman and accountants Peat Marwick & Mitchell & Co acting for her. We also know that the Queen, following the 1976 Companies Act, does not have to disclose her shareholdings unless they represent more than 5 per cent of a company's capital. However, since the 1976 Companies Act came into force two months ago share registers throughout the country have sprouted the designation 'Bank of England Nominees' especially established to keep the holdings of the Queen and other heads of state under cover. A survey of the 30 companies which make up the *Financial Times* Index shows at least £80m. worth of shares under the secret name. How much belongs to the Queen the public is not entitled to know.

While other investors in shares are clobbered by a series of taxes on investment income (or unearned income) and dividends, capital gains and estate duties, the Queen is excluded. So her investment income continues to grow sharply, unfettered by the taxation system, while the rest of the investing public – whether it be an institution or an individual – is held back. Theoretically if such a system were to last for another 25 years the Queen would end up no less an absolute monarch in terms of her possessions than even her medieval predecessors.

In its constitutional role the British monarchy has shown itself flexible and evolutionary over the years responding and learning to live with powerful parliamentary and prime ministerial government. But in its financial affairs the monarchy is still basically feudal. It is a position which needs to be modernised if the next Jubilee is to be even remotely relevant to the state of modern Britain.

Michael Bor

Jubilant Socialists?

'Is there any reason why the official Labour movement should vie with society in its perfervid expressions of sorrow and loyalty? The masses of active workers for Socialism feel deeply disturbed at the increased subservience in those who are supposed to lead the movement in the war on poverty, injustice and oppression. First the Jubilee, then the funeral, next the Coronation!' No, not a comment on 1977, but an editorial in *The Socialist*, the paper of the Socialist League, in 1936 on the death of George V.

The Labour Left has been rather quiescent on the subject of the Jubilee in 1977 compared to its passionate denunciation of 42 years ago. What has happened to the socialist axiom that the monarchy could not be part of a socialist society? 'Jubilee Celebrations described as "Ballyhoo"' screamed the headlines in newspapers on 10 June 1935, reporting Sir Stafford Cripps at the Socialist League's Conference. Today's equivalent, 'Stuff the Jubilee; Fight the Cuts!' may appear more apposite but there has been little of the furore and controversy over the monarchy and Jubilee which accentuated the divisions between the Labour Left and Labour's leaders in the 1930s.

Re-emerging because of the veiled role of George V during the crisis and formation of the 'National' Government in 1931, the 'monarchy question' was analysed by Harold Laski. He expressed the Labour Left's demand for a reduction of the prerogative to its narrowest limits, with safeguards essential against a monarch entering the parliamentary battle as a 'patriotic act'. Socialists in the Labour Party wrote that the less they concerned themselves with the decorative, ceremonial functions of Royalty, the greater would be the impulse towards the democratisation of society. Where is the perceptive analysis today?

Is Willie Hamilton really the latter-day Sir Stafford Cripps, who made a speech in 1934 at Nottingham University's Labour Federation Conference construed as a direct attack upon constitutional monarchy? The PLP denounced Cripps then for intimating that the greatest opposition to a socialist government would come from 'Court circles and financial interests attracted round Buckingham Palace'. Cripps, of course, knew he was being provocative and controversial. How else could one expose the orgy of snobbery and sycophancy connected with the Jubilee? In 1935, the 'Jubilee ballyhoo' was succeeded by a wave of militarist nationalism excused by the attitude of Nazi Germany. The Labour Left (in the form of the Socialist League) noted that the 'National' Government boasted that the Jubilee would be valuable propaganda material in the next election. Are the Conservatives in 1977 thinking along the same lines?

Government publications in 1935 appeared adorned with pictures of the King and Queen, while the Socialist League saw the Conservatives using the call of 'loyalty to Crown, country and flag' as if these emblems of national sovereignty had been their exclusive property. Unlike today, the Labour Left in the 1930s castigated the Government's use of emotional propaganda to redirect the minds of the electors from its failure to offer a reasonable standard of living and full employment.

The reaction of the press in 1935 suggested that the Labour Left had touched a sensitive nerve. Labour councils which refused to participate in the celebrations were pilloried. *The Times* gloated over 'Opposition manoeuvres', reporting that the Socialist League had been officially rebuked by Labour leaders. Suggestions that the celebrations were manufactured for political purposes were seen as 'more offences against taste and truth' while the Socialist League was labelled as 'populated by disgruntled dons and ill-tempered members of the middle class'.

Already we have heard much the same comment on people who oppose the Jubilee today as was made by Ormsby-Gore (the Commissioner of works) in 1935: they were, he said, 'intellectual snobs above the ordinary considerations that move ordinary people'. The only difference is that this time the abuse has come just as stridently from 'popular' newspapers as from Tory aristocrats. 'First the Jubilee, then the funeral, next the Coronation.' We have not made much progress.

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John Hatch

25 Years of the Commonwealth

The Queen was told of her accession at Treetops Hotel in Kenya. Not far away Jomo Kenyatta and his colleagues were preparing the revolt which was to lead to the 'Mau Mau' conflict. The Queen and Duke met Governors, white settlers, colonial officials. I never heard that they had met Kenyatta. A dozen years later, after seven years' detention at the pleasure of Her Majesty, Kenyatta became Kenya's first President.

The Kenyan Africans revolted against the prospect of white settler government. Today, 25 years later, the Africans of Zimbabwe (Rhodesia) are waging the same war. So far as Africans are concerned the Elizabethan era has seen some battles won but the war continue. Only a few months after the Queen's accession the scheme for the federation of Central Africa was published by Churchill's government (after being conceived by Labour). It was that federation, established under a white rider-black horse 'partnership', that created the circumstances for Ian Smith's UDI and its tragic consequences.

In 1952 South Africa was also still a monarchy. Throughout that year Dr Malan's government was trying to circumvent the Supreme Court's invalidation of racial legislation, especially of the attempt to remove non-European voters from the parliamentary roll. The whites celebrated the tercentenary of van Riebeek's landing at the Cape, which initiated white settlement; the blacks rioted against white supremacy from the Cape to the Rand. Just five years earlier the royal family had given its seal of respectability to the white regime by paying a state visit.

It so happened that I had been in East, Central and South Africa twice during the last months of George VI's reign. I had talked with Kenyatta in Kenya, with the Congresses in Nyasaland and Northern Rhodesia, with trade unionists in Southern Rhodesia, had been flattened against the wall of Parliament by white police in South Africa. Anyone with the slightest sensibility could recognise the welling anger of Africans from Cairo to the Cape against the denial of their right to participate equally in the government of their own countries. I wrote my first articles for the NEW STATESMAN about it (anonymously, as Kingsley Martin feared I would be arrested). I talked with Labour Party leaders, especially about the certainty of provoking racial conflict if the Central African Federation were pursued. It was particularly tragic that many Africans still expressed confidence that Britain, and especially the monarchy, would not betray their loyalty.

Shortly afterwards I was appointed by the Labour Party to take charge of its Commonwealth department. Kwame Nkrumah had just become first Prime Minister of the Gold Coast; Jagan and Burnham had been dismissed from office in British Guiana on charges of organising a communist plot: the Kabaka of Buganda had been deported by Sir Andrew Cohen; Mau Mau was at its height; Malta was thinking of integrating with the United Kingdom; 'enosis' had become the battle cry in Cyprus; there was an emergency in Singapore; Nasser had replaced Farouk in Egypt; the first whispers of federation drifted across from the West Indies and louder voices advocated the same policy in Nigeria; and a passive resistance campaign had been brutally defeated in South Africa.

When I entered Transport House the party was already embroiled in the turbulence of the demise of Empire. It did not quite realise this fact at the time. Clem Attlee had been a passionate advocate of Indian independence, but, after a visit to Central Africa, I heard him describe Africans as 'very peculiar chaps'. His successor, Hugh Gaitskell, initially seemed suspicious of Commonwealth pretensions, feeling much more at home with American or European leaders. Yet it must be said that Gaitskell had no trace of racialism in his personality; I doubt whether the 1968 immigration legislation would have appeared if he had lived.

There seemed to me in 1954 to be two crucial issues in the Commonwealth field if the Labour Party was ever to become credible in the anti-colonial battle. First, it had to rid itself of the smear of racialism, which involved reversing its own decision to exile Seretse Khama because of his marriage to a white girl and opposing the Central African Federation which it had initiated; secondly, it had to demonstrate practical support for the genuine burgeoning nationalist movements.

The Seretse issue was solved more easily than I expected. Once the NEC had been convinced by the evidence I produced from a one-man mission through Africa that his people wanted him back and that he was prepared to return without claiming the chieftainship, the battle was really won. For when the Opposition declared that it would rescind his banishment when next in office, Conservative attempts to appoint a substitute chief collapsed. He was allowed to return in 1956; since then he has been knighted by the Queen as President of Botswana; the maligned deportees are now Sir Seretse and Lady Khama!

The second racial problem was much tougher. Many prominent members of the Labour Party had been seduced by the argument that foreign capital investment would lead to economic development in colonial territories that would percolate down to the indigenous helots. (The same argument persists today over investment and trade in South Africa.) They therefore believed that the Central African Federation should be allowed to prove itself. For several years Gaitskell agreed with them. In 1959, however, African revolts in all three territories, the Devlin and Monckton reports and concern over the spread of violence, raised the issue of African rights to a new pitch. It even played some part in the 1959 general election, along with the Hola massacre in Kenya. Mau Mau had established that Kenya's white settlers were not strong enough to govern that country without British military help; it began to be asked whether the same lesson applied to the Federation.

Harold Macmillan's antennae relayed the message that colonial politics could affect electoral prospects in Britain. He replaced the hard-liner Lennox-Boyd with the more liberal Iain Macleod. Gaitskell also realised for the first time that colonial issues were not peripheral to British politics. All his closest advisors like Frank Soskice favoured a continuation of the Federation, and he was conscious that many white Federal inhabitants had relatives here. Nevertheless, through an alliance between Julius Nyerere, Lynn Ungoed-Thomas and his own brother, Arthur, he was eventually persuaded that the Federation should be strongly criticised, even if this led to its dissolution. The combination of African and Labour pressures pushed Macleod to a not unwilling conclusion. The Federation was killed, Malawi and Zambia gained separate independence, leaving the residual problem of Rhodesia.

The second issue of the independence decade was more complex. Which nationalist movements should be supported by the Labour Party and by what means? In 1957 the party organised a socialist Commonwealth Conference including selected colonial nationalists, at Beatrice Webb House. It had its detractors within the party's heirarchy; but a notable proportion of delegates were soon to become ministers in their newly independent states. One became a President. This was Kenneth Kaunda's first experience outside his own continent.

Already the party had connections with some nationalist movements. I first met Julius Nyerere when he attended a seminar I was giving at Edinburgh University; he and I spoke in Scotland against the federal proposals in 1951. Four years later I took the greetings of the Labour Party to his year-old Tanganyika African National Union; 30,000 supporters turned out to greet me.

At the beginning of the 1960s, therefore, as new flags replaced the Union Jack in Tanganyika, Nigeria, Kenya, Singapore, Jamaica and the rest, the Labour Party had accumulated a large fund of sympathetic capital in the ex-colonial bank. Leaders like Nyerere, Kaunda, Manley, Lee Kuan Yew anxiously listened to British election results, cheering Labour victories and groaning over defeats.

Most of this was dissipated by the end of the decade. Labour shocked the nationalist leaders by acting quite differently in government from in opposition. The major single factor was the ambivalence over Rhodesia. It was felt that Harold Wilson had betrayed African trust, not just by refusing to use the same force against Ian Smith as had been employed against African rebels; but by deliberately deceiving men like Kaunda about his intentions.

The new Commonwealth leaders were also offended to find that politicians of both

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parties still regarded them as inferiors. Wilson seemed to regard the Commonwealth as his own possession. He quarrelled with Nyerere over majority rule in Rhodesia. He became petulant when his fitness to chair a peace mission to Vietnam was questioned. In 1970 Heath's churlish behaviour towards Nyerere and Kaunda demonstrated that politicians of both parties thought of themselves as great power leaders dealing with insignificant upstarts. The ex-colonial presidents and prime ministers, found that they had to look to Scandinavia, Holland, China, sometimes Eastern Europe, for sympathetic help; to the US for commercial aid.

This trend has become more marked in the 1970s. Within the Third World today I am rarely asked whether Labour will participate in new schemes. Britain is felt to have become parochial, nostalgic for great power status, uninterested in the great dramas affecting more than half mankind. Attempts like those of Nyerere and Kaunda to build participatory democracy in single-party states, a constitutional innovation, or Manley and Burnham's socialist experiments are ignored or misrepresented. The Queen's Jubilee will be accompanied by a London Commonwealth Conference. Most delegates still believe that the organisation is worth preserving. Yet even the Queen's dinner will not convince them that they can expect a lead from Britain in meeting the real problems facing the mass of human beings living outside Europe.

Noel McLachlan

Thumbs Down Down Under?

A cool look at the future of the monarchy in Australia must start with the neglected fact that the country has an indigenous republican tradition almost as old as British settlement there. That fact has been obfuscated by more than a generation of imperial euphoria, obsession and nostalgia engendered by Australian involvement in the first world war, which chronically retarded the maturing of national consciousness. But now that the immense shadow of that quintessential Queen's Man, Sir Robert Menzies, no longer falls across the political landscape and Britain has finally broken the imperial umbilical cord by preferring the Common Market to the Commonwealth, Australians are taking a fresh look at their past and their future.

The first anti-monarchial seeds were probably planted by the United Irishmen transported after 1798, but the ground had been fertilised by an historical accident – the near-coincidence of the American Revolution and Australian colonisation which encouraged colonial regard for American models (and their promise of American consequences). By 1832 the Sydney *Currency Lad*, a native paper, was claiming that 'the era is fast approaching . . . when the whole world shall rest on the wings of broad and universal republicanism', and for the rest of the century belief that national independence was Australia's eventual destiny was widespread. In 1886 a Phil May cartoon in the Sydney *Bulletin* (with the *Daily Telegraph* a vehement republican organ) satirised the Queen's gift of £500 for the unemployed. Entitled 'The Widow's Mite', 'the richest woman in Europe' is shown seated on bags of gold and proffering a coin to the starving crowds, while glancing apprehensively over her shoulder at the shadows where Revolution is drawing the sword of Liberty. The following year the Golden Jubilee was the occasion of a legendary public meeting in Sydney at which a disloyal amendment was carried and an Australian Republic called for.

By 1892 the Wagga *Hummer* was boasting that 'everyone knows that nine out of every ten *Australian* workers are Republicans'. Yet republicanism never became a live political issue. Why not? The answer, then as earlier, was the very complaisance of the British Government, impressed by North American cautionary tales, the colonists' fear of invasion, and the intoxicating racial pride bestowed by membership of the greatest empire the world had ever seen.

Hence the federal constitution was drafted in full consciousness of what Westminster would tolerate, the Royal power of disallowance was retained, and restrictions on appeals to the Privy Council were removed at Joseph Chamberlain's behest to safeguard the Australian interests of English investors. By no stretch of the imagination could such a constitution be called autocthonous, and though it had been achieved without bloodshed, no negligible boon, the price was a conservative, bloodless, legalistic document almost opaque to all but constitutional lawyers ever since.

This is the distant background to Sir John Kerr's constitutional coup on Remembrance Day 1975. It is a little hard on the Queen – the first reigning British monarch to bother to visit Australia – that she should be blamed for his action, but the opinion poll taken immediately afterwards suggested that most Australians disapproved of his interference, even if that did not prevent them confirming Malcom Fraser in office at the subsequent election. In fact, Kerr has, single-handed, made republicanism practical politics for the first time. Last November Citizens for Democracy succeeded in filling both the Melbourne and the Sydney town halls to overflowing to mark the first anniversary of the coup, and the straw vote Donald Horne took at the meetings indicated overwhelming support for a republic. True, a Gallup poll at that time showed only 25 per cent so disposed, but 44 per cent thought a republic likely within 20 years. By March this year, according to an Australian NOP poll, 58 per cent thought we did not need a Queen, the most common reasons being that she was superfluous, stood in the way of Australian independence or was a waste of money. With those under 25 the percentage was much higher – 74 per cent.

Nothing I have read of the latest, most carefully orchestrated Royal visit demonstrates that this formidable tide in public opinion has been stemmed. Clearly, as long as Kerr remains Governor-General he will provide invaluable grist to the new republican mill, but he is only 62 and holds his office during the Queen's pleasure. To remove him now would be to court indignant cries of ingratitude and cowardice. Fraser no doubt hopes the rare success of most of this month's referendum proposals will draw some radical teeth, but it could be symptomatic of an unwonted readiness for change. There is a strong possibility, irrespective of Kerr's fate, that Australians will find it increasingly hard to reconcile themselves to making do with a part-time Queen who lives on the other side of the world and who is as utterly foreign to some 2 million New Australians as the Queen of Sheba.

The simplest course would be to propose at a referendum a constitutional convention to draft Australia's first genuinely autocthonous, republican constitution. If, as now seems quite likely, it was approved by a majority of voters and states, the rest would be easy. Deleting the Crown from both federal and state constitutions *would* be laborious, but constitutional lawyers do not seem to mind hard work if the glory and fees are commensurate. Whether the new head of state is called Governor-General or President or Chief Swagman is of small consequence, but it is most unlikely that the Westminster style of parliamentary government would be abandoned for a presidential system – even the Irish did not do that. And there are plenty of precedents now for Republics within the Commonwealth.

The most serious obstacle is Australians' notorious political apathy – another by-product perhaps of their relatively smooth constitutional passage. At the 1899 referendum less than 43 per cent of qualified electors approved of the proposed constitution. The new referendum would be compulsory, but it will only take place under the present Government if it is convinced its popularity depends on it. Embracing republicanism would certainly be a pretty compliment to the all-important ally, the United States, and it would, of course, be easier if Canada took the step first.

It is still an open question whether sufficient public enthusiasm *can* be aroused and sustained, and the arrested republican tradition consummated, but there is at least a sporting chance, now that Australia at long last has an indigenous national anthem (*God Save the Queen*, significantly, came a poor third in the poll), that the Queen will attend the bicentenary celebrations of Australian colonisation in 1988 simply as an honoured foreign guest of the Australian Republic.

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Kenneth Morgan

The Crown and Politics

The preservation of the monarchy during a century of democratic change in Britain has been a magnificent exercise in survival. But it has been survival of the type associated with Methuselah rather than with Houdini. In the 100 years and more since the 1867 Reform Act, the monarchy has largely avoided constitutional crises or political controversy. It has been the very ordinariness, even dullness, of the monarchy during the reigns of George V, George VI and Elizabeth II that has been the surest guarantee of its endurance throughout the so-called 'century of the common man'. It does not excite, therefore it does not provoke.

A feature of British history during the past century, indeed one which deserves more consideration than it has so far received, is the total failure of the British republican movement. It reached its pathetic zenith in the early 1870s, fired by a fleeting sympathy with the Parisian republicans of the Commune of 1871. But by the mid-1870s, British republicanism was almost dead. Its main voice, Sir Charles Dilke, was released for other crusades and other scandals. The angry democracy of later 19th-century Victorian radicalism, anxious to bury the House of Lords and what remained of the hereditary element in British public life, steered well clear of the monarchy. Cromwell was no more than a magnificent statue – and even erecting that caused furious argument. When Keir Hardie, in a famous Commons scene in April 1894, attacked the Honourable Members for having time to congratulate the Duchess of York on the birth of a son (the future Edward VIII, in fact) but none to debate the tragic loss of 250 Welsh miners in the Cilfynydd mining disaster, he was condemned on all sides. Nor did his attacks on the private life of the Prince of Wales evoke much enthusiasm from the radical or labour press. Remarks which affected unconcern as to whether 'the future ruler of the nation be the genuine article or a spurious imitation' in effect deflected attention away from the dead Welsh miners, to whose memory Hardie was passionately devoted. It was the palace, not the pit, that MPs wished to remember. The episode also created for Hardie a reputation for political extremism and instability which was a handicap to him for the rest of his career. His later onslaughts on the Crown – his attack on the pomp and pageantry of Queen Victoria's state funeral during the Boer War 'when the dead body of the Queen was used as a recruiting sergeant'; his condemnation of George V after the outbreak of war in 1914 as 'a fireside loving King' – were all embarrassing and counter-productive for the Labour Party.

In fact, Labour has shown no more inclination than the radicals that preceded it to include the monarch in its assaults on privilege and the class nature of British institutions. Even the crisis of August 1931, which roused legitimate Labour anger and raised queries about the constitutional powers of the monarchy in the 20th century, did not impel British socialists towards republicanism. The dumb loyalty of the British working class towards their rulers, their quiescent consent to the feudal trappings of monarchy, were all accepted by the Hendersons and Attlees without question. Hugh Dalton, in *Practical Socialism for Britain* (1934) had much to say about the need to reform the institutions of central government but almost nothing about the monarchy. He inserted a vague protest at the way in which the political intrigues of August 1931 had been conducted. But he concluded: 'Today, the Crown is honoured and safe, because it stands above the battle.' It was, he confidently declared, politically neutral. It was a view that Dick Crossman was to endorse in his *Diaries* 30 years later; after all, so Godfrey Agnew told him, the Queen regarded all politicians as belonging to roughly the same social class. The general popularity of the Crown easily survived the eccentric behaviour of Edward VIII; indeed, the contrast between his improprieties and the sober dedication of his brother, George VI, probably strengthened its popular esteem. Years of social change since 1945, years which have also seen the final decline of that eternal empire for which the monarchy was such an evocative symbol, have not seriously damaged the standing of the Crown.

Clearly, an explanation of the fervent acceptance of their monarchy by the British during a century of political and social upheaval demands a wider explanation than merely a recital of the powers that the monarchy, theoretically or effectively, may claim. By the last third of the last century, before Gladstone's skirmishings with Queen Victoria had seriously begun, the formal powers of the Crown had been eroded almost to zero. Its powers of patronage were being cut away long before 1832 in the interests of professional efficiency in government; none had been more active here than the Younger Pitt, the Tory cult hero. The idea that the government of the land was in any serious sense 'Her Majesty's Government' or that 'The Queen's Speech' reflected the random prejudices of Victoria as an individual had long since been exploded. The Crown could neither terminate a government against the will of the Commons, as it had tried to do in 1834, nor could it prolong a minority government in office against the popular wish, as had been attempted in 1841, Melbourne being the Prime Minister involved each time. The Crown had no realistic claim to summon a cabinet at its own behest, nor could it claim the prerogative of dissolving Parliament. The later period of Victoria's reign, with her persistent and comic attempts to re-assert long defunct powers, did not seriously affect the balance between Crown, cabinet and Parliament, nor did her blatant Tory partisanship.

The new century, with the decreasingly influential role exercised by Edward VII and his successors, has not altered the balance sheet save to confirm the pattern of diminishing royal authority. Even in a rare constitutional crisis such as the battles between the Liberal government and the peers in 1909-11, when the Crown played a mediating role, it was Asquith, the Prime Minister, who called the tune throughout. If necessary, George V would have had to acquiesce in destroying the character of the upper house by creating hundreds of Liberal-manufactured peers. The very concept of legislation being the joint handiwork of Crown and Parliament would have given way to the unfettered rule of the Commons, or, as Liberals put it (disregarding as they did the withholding of the franchise from many working-class men and from all women) the rule of 'the people'.

Only in three respects, perhaps, has the Crown any effective powers at all, residual or real. Each is increasingly debatable. The monarch may perhaps give his or her views in determining the allocation of cabinet office to particular individuals. In practice, it is inconceivable in current circumstances that royal pressure on the composition of any government would have any effect whatsoever. Sometimes it is claimed that George VI played some part in determining that Bevin went to the Foreign Office in July 1945 and Dalton to the Treasury. In fact, it is clear that the decisive factor was Attlee's awareness that Bevin and Morrison would not be able to work together harmoniously on the home front.

Choice of a prime minister is more speculative. In 1923, royal influence was the more important because Bonar Law, the retiring premier, declined to give any advice on the rival merits of Baldwin and Curzon. But it is clear that Curzon, an arrogant peer, could never have been forced upon a hostile cabinet or party by the royal whim alone. In 1931, certainly, MacDonald's decision to split the Labour Party and head a 'national government' followed a second and crucial private audience with George V late on the evening of 23 August. But here again the Crown had at best a reinforcing role. MacDonald's decision to stay on as premier was the product of the urgings of Samuel and Neville Chamberlain for the other parties – and of his own commitment to consensus and sense of indispensability at a time of economic peril. George V merely gave a modest push to a door well and truly ajar.

In 1957, the choice of Macmillan by the Queen confirmed the evidence flooding

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Pioneers in sound recording.

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in from constituencies and cabinet about the wishes of the Tory Party. In 1963 Macmillan himself simply told the Queen to select Home as his successor. Since 1965, of course, the Tories have joined Labour in adopting an elective procedure for choosing their leader. It may be that, here again, another occasional royal prerogative has been added to the scrapheap of history. Only some quite hypothetical political crisis might give the monarch some marginal initiative, say the break-up of the present party structure or the formation of some kind of unforeseeable coalition. Even here it is worth recalling that the Crown wanted neither Lloyd George as Prime Minister in December 1916 nor Winston Churchill in May 1940, but it got both.

Finally, there is the royal power of refusing a dissolution of Parliament: it was claimed by George V during the crisis of December 1916 as a means of not committing himself in advance to a prospective prime minister, Bonar Law. It is conceivable, certainly, that personal whim might affect the timing of a dissolution, as when George VI's proposed tour of Australia influenced Attlee's wrong-headed decision to hold an election in October 1951 – but this was Attlee's whim, not the King's. It is conceivable, too, that the old arguments against 'penal dissolutions' might be resurrected at times of party instability or minority government such as the present. Some pundits claimed to detect such a 'right' in arguing against Harold Wilson's power to dissolve Parliament soon after the February 1974 election. This again, is pretty theoretical, perhaps an exercise in wish-fulfilment. In practice, Wilson held his election in October of that year when he chose, and a monarch who flouted the wishes of the elected majority party in the Commons would do so at his or her peril. The wise advice received by George V to avoid becoming 'the football of contending factions' still holds, and this means eradicating effective royal powers in normal times.

The discussion of royal 'influence' over policy is even more theoretical. Queen Victoria, as is well known and documented from Lytton Strachey's time onwards, sprayed her ministers with ill-informed and intemperate opinions. But it is hard to detect any major issue on which her views had any impact. The attempt to satisfy the aspirations of Irish nationalism with Home Rule legislation was frustrated not by her but by the British electors in 1895 – and by the divided counsels within the post-Gladstonian Liberal Party. The Queen's dismay at having to disestablish and disendow 'her' Church in Wales afforded Gladstone much innocent amusement but, apart from annoying some anti-clerical radicals in Wales (of whom Lloyd George was the most significant) it had no effect whatsoever. Edward VII's alleged influence on foreign affairs, in forging the *entente* with France and so forth, has also been wildly exaggerated. The decline of royal influence on policy continued under George V's quiescent regime. His efforts to stir up political support on behalf of Haig and the generals and against Lloyd George during the first world war were a testimony to royal weakness not to royal authority, since no Prime Minister had a more precarious power base than L.G. after the split with Asquith. By the end of the war, the King was a warm supporter of the coalition government.

George VI's influence on any aspect of public policy was obviously unimportant in almost every instance. He read of Eden's resignation from the Foreign Office in 1938 in the morning newspaper. Of course, he could use his formal right to discuss public events with his Prime Minister to ventilate his private opinions. One much-cited example was the dispatch of Wavell rather than Eden as viceroy of India in 1943. George VI's views made some impact on Churchill, but it would be claiming too much to see it as decisive even in moving the mind of so devoted a royalist as his Prime Minister. The present Queen's efforts to influence governmental decisions have been even more modest. Only one monarch in recent history might have tried to intrude his personal opinions and influence. This was the lamentable exception of Edward

'The reason I am having your head chopped off, my dear, is that if I wasn't the King, I couldn't.'

VIII. The real argument against him was not his private life but his misconception of the function of the Crown. He would have seen it as his role to unleash royal 'views' on public issues – strongly pro-Nazi ones on foreign policy questions, as it happened. The enforced departure of Edward VIII (who failed to see the merits even of the one strategy that would have enabled him to enjoy his Crown and Mrs Wallis Simpson at almost one and the same time) has undoubtedly been a major aid in perpetuating the monarchy in Britain today. Its survival, though, owes much to more positive factors. It has repeatedly served as prisoner to the national mood.

In each phase of our recent history, the Crown has responded, perhaps belatedly or reluctantly at times, to changes in the national psyche. In the later 19th century, in large measure to cover up national fears of economic or strategic insecurity, the Crown allowed itself to be used to prop up the myth of imperial greatness. An unpopular, amateurish Dad's Army of a defence militia became elevated as 'soldiers of the Queen'. The monarch became Empress of India, symbol of the mystique of imperialism in its most neurotic form. And, until nemesis came in the concentration camps and compounds of the Veldt, when the cult of Empire turned sour, it worked. Victoria Regina, even more than Vesta Tilley or Marie Lloyd, was the darling of the halls.

In wartime, the Crown lent itself to the new call for national solidarity. George V gave his authority to blessing the 1914 war as 'a people's war'. He even took the 'King's Pledge' to abstain from alcoholic liquor – a pledge he was virtually alone in observing. George VI suffered with his people in the blitz in 1940. He endured austerity, as Alan Taylor delights to record, by eating spam off a gold salver. Under Elizabeth II, the Crown has been used for the converse cause of decolonisation, of Commonwealth association rather than imperial rule.

The monarchy has, then, moved with the times, or has been told to. Successive prime ministers have pushed it gently along this course. In the process, they may have strengthened their own conservatism, especially the Labour prime ministers. MacDonald, Attlee, Wilson and, probably, Callaghan, have all been, or have turned into, devoted royalists. The only time that Attlee was seen to display high emotion in public was when hearing of George VI's death. The Crossman *Diaries* confirm Sir Harold Wilson's enthusiasm for his weekly audiences with the Queen. The Queen's spirit of genuine sacrifice of self must have moved him. She even sacrificed her son, allowing Prince Charles to take part in the charade of studying the Welsh language at Aberystwyth and of being invested as Prince of Wales, even though 'Carlo' had no more connection with that proud nation than he had with Mars. To frustrate Plaid Cymru and boost the finances of the Welsh Tourist Board, anything goes. So prime ministers and monarchs have been bound together in common piety and common zeal to sustain a declining nation, and a disintegrating empire. They have succeeded triumphantly. Even the one truly radical prime minister of the century, David Lloyd George, went along with the game by default. His contempt for the flunkeyism of Balmoral in 1911, expressed in a letter to Dame Margaret, has the ring of conviction. 'The whole atmosphere reeks with Toryism. I can breathe it and it sickens and depresses me.' But he confined these thoughts to letters to his first wife, and, perhaps, to evening conversations with his second. In practice, he worked in collaboration with George V in carrying Britain kicking and screaming into the 20th century. He could advertise his blazing contempt for the House of Lords in mass-producing peers by means of the 'honours scandal' but Balmoral was immune.

The monarchy, then, has certainly had its uses. Even its ablest critics, John Grigg (Lord Altrincham as he then was), Malcolm Muggeridge, Willie Hamilton have attacked the form rather than the substance, the rhetoric not the reality. None of them can remotely be placed in the stunted tradition of the British republican movement. Democratic socialists today, therefore, have to accept the fact of monarchy in Britain, and therefore the Jubilee celebrations that go with it and the family that represents it.

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They must accept that a republican platform would doom the Labour party to eternal defeat.

Of course, the monarchy is defensible neither on democratic nor on socialist grounds. Of course, it is inextricably a part of the class system of the country. Of course, there are no rational grounds for an hereditary monarch any more than for an hereditary prime minister, president or pope. The spectacle of the mystique of power being vested in a single family on an hereditary basis is more fitting for anthropologists or theologians to examine. It should not be a part of the realities of contemporary politics. But the monarchy stands or falls not on grounds of abstract logic or political theory, but on whether it is justifiable in the light of the specific historical needs of Britain today. In my view, it probably is.

The Crown is basically, of course, a figurehead; its hereditary basis ensures that it will stay one. There will be no inclination to strain or extend the royal prerogative to its formal limits and beyond, as might occur with the powers of a president. The Queen, and Charles after her, will surely incline to the further contraction of royal authority. Neither they, nor their consorts, could emulate a Prince Bernhard, still less (perish the thought) a Sir John Kerr. Further, its adaptability has made it a civilised figurehead in recent times; the present Queen, like her father and mother, has moved sufficiently to make it compatible with a more democratic, egalitarian and irreverent society. Above all, there is the value of the Crown in historic terms. However unsocialist it may seem, Britain needs the reassurance of patriotic tradition. There is a limit to the degree of destructive self-analysis that a once-great nation can sustain. The Crown provides just the right amount of historical therapy to be tranquillising without being harmful. Britain this century has survived a cataclysmic decline in its external position, and an upheaval in its internal social structure. It has withstood the pulverising blows of unemployment and inflation, and yet it has avoided undergoing a revolution. For the sake of a democratic Britain, perhaps even a democratic socialist Britain, now is institutionally the time to conserve. The monarchy, historic incubus though it may be, is a part of that process.

Corinna Adam

Good Prince Charles

When I was at school, we spent many happy adolescent afternoons looking up the details of the Duke of Kent and the young Princes of Gloucester, they being the most marriageable characters about: and for all their royalty, more accessible than James Dean, for instance. But during those afternoons in the sun we used also to indulge in envy of our mothers' generation (oh, for that Prince of Wales, and all the lovely elegant wickedness) or our great-grandmothers' (and *that* Prince of Wales, lovely elegant etc. etc.)

Counting back, I see that my grandmothers can't have spent much time collecting pictures of the future George V; in fact I know they didn't, because they told me so. And my teenage daughters now would only wear a lapel-button of Prince Charles as a joke, considering it a feeble one. Perhaps the dazzle that should surround a Prince of Wales – it *is* a pretty dashing job – skips a generation. Or perhaps the nation's sentimentality in the Forties and Fifties was used up in adoration of the little Princesses (scrapbook upon scrapbook of *them*) and of the young Queen Elizabeth. In any case, Prince Charles's image – despite the jokiness – is of a solemn young man, lacking in oomph. A virtue perhaps: but if one of the few justifications of royalty is its harmless entertainment-value, the heir to the throne is not providing it.

Certainly he is not suffering from overexposure as a glamour-boy. In a search for jubilee material about him (in contrast with the reams of paper expended on the Queen, and reviewed by Julian Barnes on p. 750) I found only one large 'Illustrated Souvenir', published by Phoebus at 95p. It is a good deal less fulsome than one might expect: indeed some might say, in the name of clean-cut good looks, that using a picture of him bearing a short-lived straggly moustache on the cover verges on the malicious. But if one wants a reminder of Charles's past, particularly of his early childhood, it comes in quite handy.

For it was then – even before the moment of birth – that Charles was the nation's favourite son. Adored, one suspects, by an audience that started out middle-aged and, by some mysterious time warp, remained so. People queued outside Buckingham Palace from dawn until 9.14 p.m. on 14 November 1948, when Princess Elizabeth was 'safely delivered of a Prince'. He seems to have been a serious boy from early days. He lacked 'Anne's more spirited and inquiring nature'; 'he was scholastically something of a plodder'.

None of the royal families he belongs to have been noted for their intellectual skills: it seems, indeed, to have been a quality to be despised rather than devoutly-wished. From Charles's early days, his life was brisk and predictable – as his father obviously intended. It is said that Gordonstoun was chosen because it was respectably Scottish and not too disrespectably German. Intellectual ability is, to put it mildly, less highly regarded there than at, say, Eton or Winchester: and ditto at Trinity, Cambridge – at least in the set in which Charles and his like moved. Those *Footlight* appearances had all the robust jollity of the Nordic royal houses. He is said not to like things to change when he appears. But for a time they did. In the days of the middle-class wits, of Miller, Cook or the Goodies, he would never have passed an audition. The press coverage, however, was creamily flattering. And then there was the term in Aberystwyth – produced as a justification for his investiture as Prince of Wales – and considered a failure by all concerned.

This was perhaps the greatest post-war low in the fortunes of the Royal Family as merchants of *éclat*. The summer of 1969 provided the perfect occasion for anti-monarchists in general, and Welsh nationalists in particular, to accentuate the falsehoods of tradition. The Royal lobby lost its nerve. Charles's title had been announced when he was only ten. Eleven years on, the investiture was symbolised by Lord Snowdon's perspex and polythyrene tents, boastfully squeezed into the Principality's most handsome and dignified castle of Caernavon. The Queen was told that the Welsh would prefer her to wear a short dress and a hat, rather than robes. No diadem. Charles was the pseudo-Emperor of striped Ice-cream.

Since then, he has had the Navy, and the girls – and, thank heaven, rude jokes and speculation about the girl he'll marry. He did insist on going to the mixed sauna-baths at the naval base in Rosyth (officers' mess, naturally); close acquaintances have been quoted as saying that whomever he does marry, it won't be 'one of the ones he goes to bed with'. Charles has said that a royal girl would be an advantage, because she 'would understand the job'. The betting among the gossips is that he will marry someone pretty and respectable quite soon, and that she will then 'stay in the background as far as possible'. What a bore that will be: some of us have waited years since the days of the young Princess Margaret. We bought season tickets for *panache*.

What kind of King will he make? He seems to be a good and concerned man. Young people, such as the youth-volunteers he likes to be associated with on television, appear neither over-awed or under-impressed. Apart from the queues of pretty girls, he seems more to resemble his grandfather George VI, singing 'Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree' on wartime newsreels, than the rest of his relations. The uncertain speech has turned into a classless blur; the goodwill remains.

Above all, he does not rate as dangerous. There was a time in the Sixties, with Cecil King and Co proposing a national government of men of goodwill, when it looked as though Charles's father might be only too ready to take over, with the help of the Guards and the police. Charles does not seem a candidate for such a role. He may be too well brought-up to want that kind of power: too boring, maybe, to imagine it. He has said repeatedly he sees 'no reason why the Queen should ever retire'. This – and similar pronouncements – may have been made with great-great-grandfather Edward in mind. The Prince has learnt a lot from his history teachers. The most important lesson may well be that, in 30 years' time, we will not need an elderly King. And come to think of it, he might decide not to take the job.

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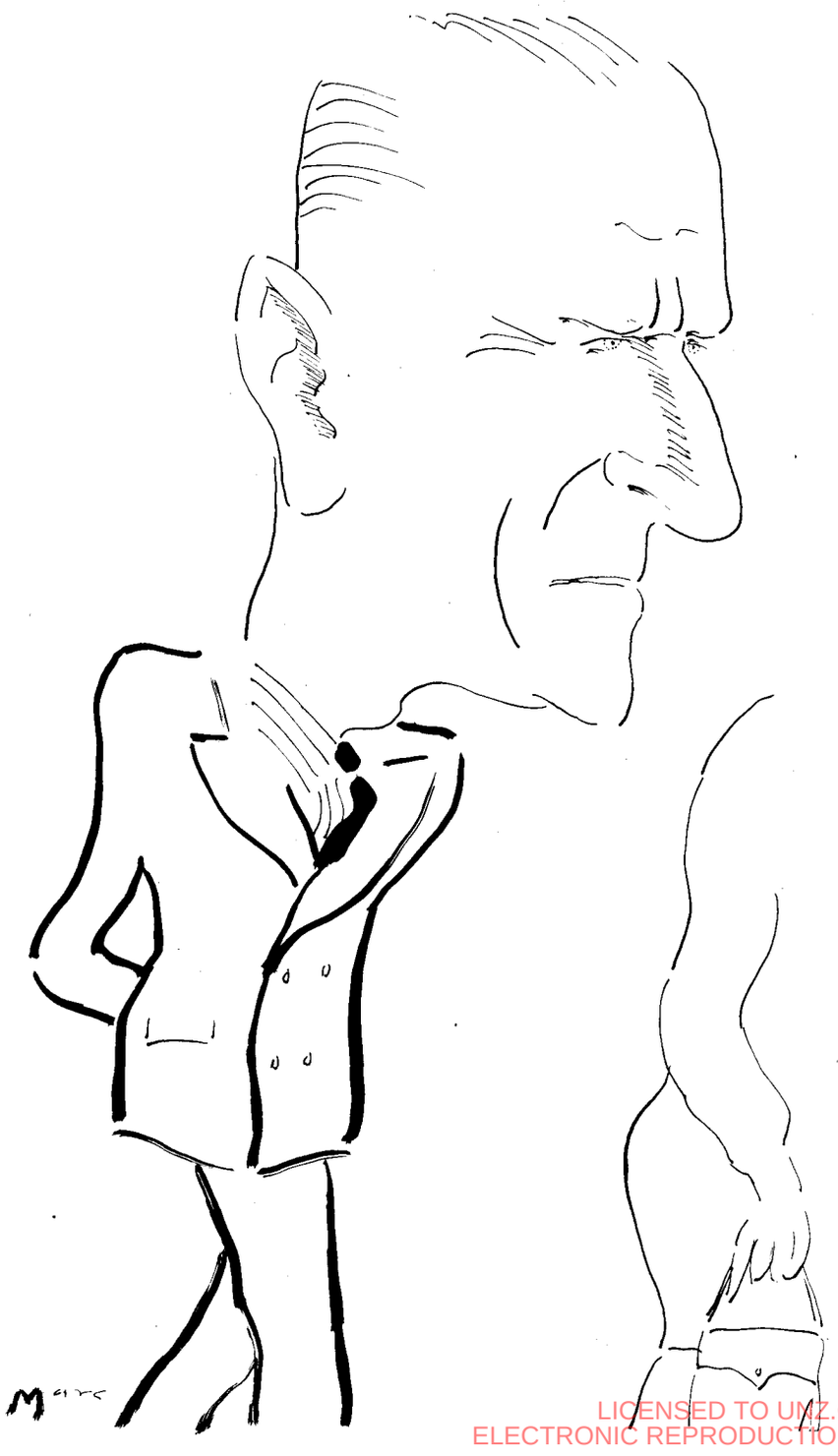
Profile: The Duke of Edinburgh

Neither Dignified Nor Efficient

He's been getting away with it for years now. There must be something about the British which inclines them to deferential attitudes while crackerbarrel exhortations issue from the mouth of a survivor from Europe's most discredited Royal House. In a generation or so it will perhaps seem hard to credit that we allowed ourselves to be so lectured by such a one. Less happier lands must needs give ear when the sovereign speaks. In this country a toadying press even manages to extract some fawning pride from the stage-managed 'quarrelsome' relationship between itself and Prinny.

Scions less fortunate than Philip of Greece have passed their days in enervating exile resorts like Monte Carlo or Estoril; preserving their titles and occasionally lending them to real-estate letterheads. Indeed, for many years our hero was a part of the high-born rabble which drifted around the continent. As an infant he escaped the catastrophe visited on Greece in Asia Minor (amply connived at by his own ruling family) – and has shown little interest in his native land since then. The Battenberg connection which first, handily, gave him an entrée to the British Royal Family, was more useful than any other. Yet there is, still, a family resemblance between him and other related royal sprigs of the contemporary scene. Like ex-King Constantine and current King Juan Carlos, he has the bovine good looks, the *sportif* no-nonsense style, the hearty manner and the instinctively reactionary mentality of the breed.



There is a kind of charm, though, born of the *chutzpah* with which he wooed and won Elizabeth Windsor. A certain flair attached to the breezy way he became a Palace familiar, the moderate distinction with which he served the wartime Royal Navy, the astute manner of his naturalisation, his acquisition of British titles and finally, his palace revolution with the heir to the richest throne in Europe swept off her feet. A pool well-scooped.

Does he, however, give any impression of being a man with the most amazing good-fortune to thank? He does not. In his 25 years as consort, there has been no tincture of humility. He seems honestly to believe that qualities of leadership were imbued by the chilly regime of Dr Kurt Hahn's Gordonstoun, and that these qualities have received their due reward. And like many another hearty father before him, he has inflicted the same regime on his eldest son, whose tastes run more to Goon shows and jolly parties than the Spartan delights of Scotland and the Australian outback.

If the Duke of Edinburgh, Baron Greenwich of Greenwich and Earl of Merioneth moved more among his subjects than he does, he might (just might) recognise how commonplace his *aperçus* sound to the sensitive ear. One does not need to attend any of his Royal briefings to hear the braying platitudes with which he regales us. The Dorking golf club or the smoking room at Whites would do as well (and one could get a drink while listening). Does he really think he is a much-needed breath of fresh air?

Apparently he does, and perhaps he deliberately chooses not to surround himself with people who might say him nay. Indeed, self-criticism is one of the unmanly vices to which his education and upbringing have inured him with total success. Even the respectful author of *Majesty*, Robert Lacey, could not forbear the observation that:

> At times, his style verges on thuggery. He has cultivated an affable public manner (*sic*), but when he argues seriously the atmosphere can get ugly.

Possibly, as the only Colonel in the world who is married to another Colonel, he feels he can get away with a peremptory manner on and off the parade ground. David Leitch in his *God Stand Up for Bastards* is only the wittiest of those who have observed how British embassies quail at the prospect of a Royal visit from Prinny: the guests harangued, the foreign servants bullied, the hosts taken for granted.

It cannot be said of the consort that he is idle or torpid, though most popular royal figures have been loved by the public for at least some aspect of self-indulgence. Ever since his emergence at the front of the stage, Prince Philip has been an assiduous patron, sponsor and speechmaker. It is, in part, this rude enthusiasm which has raised hackles. Even his attempts at witticism (of which 'dontopedalogy' or the science of putting your foot in your mouth is the most

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nearly engaging) are sadly over-rehearsed.

Occasionally, and disconcertingly, he does depart from the banalities of businessman's government, Great Britain Limited, and the art of extracting the finger. On one terrible day, in August 1973, the mask slipped with a vengence. Those grovelling journalists who suppose themselves daring and iconoclastic about Prinny should look up their absence of comment about the following speech, delivered in Edinburgh of all places.

At a University occasion in that great city, the Prince felt moved to inveigh against various new political developments. 'I regret to say', he intoned 'that it was nationalism and socialism which produced Nazis and Fascists'. He went on to misquote Dr Johnson by saying that 'nationalism is the last resort of the scoundrel', when a full staff of press office drones exists to tell him that it was 'patriotism' that was the villain in that case. The very patriotism, indeed, that he so often tries to evoke himself.

It is hard to think of a more breathtaking miscalculation (or perhaps calculated insult). When Scots vote for a measure of self-government in a country where most of them used to vote for a degree of socialism, the princeling compares them to the jack-booted riff-raff of whom his relative Queen Frederika was for so long a leading and glittering member. At least our Queen in her recent remarks did no more than express a prudent reserve about devolution, and did not go out of her way to insult the present aspirations of her Scots subjects, or the memory of thousands of socialists who gave their lives to fight Nazism.

The speech was delivered only a few weeks after a trip to Portugal to cement 600 years of Anglo-Portuguese friendship; a trip somewhat disfigured by the excision from his main speech of all remarks that could be construed as critical of the fascist despotism in Portugal at that time. People who pride themselves on straight-from-the-shoulder plain speaking really must be more careful about the well-known difference between an 'ought' and an 'is'.

There's a strange penumbra around the figure of Prinny. Although he has been around for a long time, the collective memory of his activities is almost entirely composed of clichés. There is the World Wildlife Fund, a good staple for cartoonists because of the seeming contrast it offers between an interest in conservation and a devotion to the slaughter of game. There is the Duke of Edinburgh's award scheme, celebrated by news editors for the easy copy it offers at slow Bank Holiday weekends, when pinched and hungry schoolboys can be found huddled round a freezing cairn in Snowdonia after being lost by their baggy-shorted housemasters or wardens. And there is the quintessential British philistine, making bluff and homely remarks about modern art while praising the most arrant *kitsch* as if it deserved a Queen's award for industry. It is the utter lack of a sense of absurdity that sticks in the craw. In a few epic weeks of 1973 he managed to urge the farming of crocodiles for food (World Wildlife hat), defend the Concorde on the grounds that not all supersonic planes were grounded by public protest (export or die hat), and tell an anti-Irish joke to a showbiz dinner at the Dorchester Hotel (anti-devolution hat?). Finally to praise Edward Heath's 'freeze' on the grounds that it would be fine in the long term (monarchy above politics hat).

Does he ever think that a quarter of a century might be long enough? That he might save a small fortune in midnight oil if he gave up his spontaneous quips and jests? That there is something really but unintentionally funny about an *arriviste* who lectures the welfare state from behind a sandbag of non-disclosable shareholdings and £65,000 buckshee from the privy purse? Probably not. Irony is not the strong point of his family or his class, otherwise he would not have protested about the Royal Family going 'into the red' back in 1969.

Bags of guts of course. Admire a man who speaks his mind and says what we all want to hear without fear or favour. Bit long in the tooth, mind you. Perhaps time for a spot of gardening. Soon have a grandchild after all. Can't teach an old dog new tricks. A proper Jubilee can't be built around a man who is neither dignified nor efficient. For republicans and monarchists alike, putting a sock in Prinny has become something of a national priority.

Anthony Howard

Throne and Altar

> When wilt Thou save the people
> Oh God of Mercy? when?
> The people, Lord, the people!
> Not thrones and crowns, but men!

Ebenezer Elliott's 'The People's Anthem' appears, it is true, as hymn number 566 in the *English Hymnal*. It is, however, very seldom sung and no one could claim that it accurately reflects the traditional Anglican attitude towards the Crown. A far more authentic expression of that will come next Sunday when in virtually every Anglican church in the land a special service of thanksgiving will be held in commemoration of the Queen's 25 years upon the throne. Technically the C of E may be an Erastian church, but it has never been much interested in maintaining the supremacy of the *state* in ecclesiastical affairs; what it has always taken pride in is something quite different – the *royal* connection.

The Crown's relationship with our other national institutions may have changed and loosened with the years – but the one it enjoys with the established church has remained remarkably constant. The fact that Britain today is a plural society – both religiously and racially – is not thought to make the Queen's title of 'Defender of the Faith' even remotely incongruous; nor, in an age of ecumenicism, is the provision of the Act of Settlement forbidding Prince Charles to marry a Roman Catholic often enough condemned for what it is – an offensive piece of discrimination.

Admittedly, the Queen herself, though a stickler for religious observance, does not interfere in the day-to-day work of the church in the meddlesome way that her great-great-grandmother did; but she still has her 'reserved areas' – choosing for herself which of her bishops shall be her own High Almoner, which her Clerk of the Closet, who shall occupy the Deanery of Windsor and, if she feels so inclined, what clerics shall be summoned to preach before her at what the Court Circular still rather quaintly calls 'Divine Service'. Bishops, like cabinet ministers, 'kiss hands' on appointment and 26 of them still preserve the medieval view of the church as an active 'Estate' of the realm by sitting as Lords Spiritual in the House of Lords. Judges may long since have ceased to be what James I thought they were supposed to be – 'lions around the throne'; but at least in her bishops, even in 1977, the Queen still has her ecclesiastical corgis.

Of course, the church and the Crown do have a community of interest. The British aristocracy, as any reader of the gossip columns can soon gather, is scarcely a shining advertisement for the Christian moral virtues (including chastity). The Crown, on the other hand, at least since the accession of Queen Victoria in 1837, has fairly consistently borne witness to the solid, family virtues (with the reigns of both Edward VII and Edward VIII being, from the church's point of view, mercifully short). Even so, the latter gave the church a bad fright. It was Cosmo Gordon Lang, the last of the great courtier archbishops, who wrote in his private journal shortly after the Abdication: 'What a relief it was after the strained and wilful ways of the late King . . . to realise that I was now sure that to the solemn words of the Coronation there would be a sincere response.'

To suggest that long before we had a 'social contract' between the Government and the unions, there was a sacerdotal one between the church and the Crown may be to claim too much – though it is probably worth noting that some striking omissions, like the Queen's failure to invite the Earl of Harewood to the funeral of his uncle, the Duke of Windsor, do tend to imply that the Crown understands its own responsibilities under such a contract very well. And certainly a more modest claim can be made: that ever since the days of Queen Victoria the Church of England – sometimes in marked contrast to the Free Churches and the Roman Catholics – has supplied the Crown with its own active supporters' club. Indeed, Victoria herself was in absolutely no doubt as to its proper role. After their first meeting, shortly after the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, Cosmo Gordon Lang – then a young vicar of Portsea – recorded in his diary:

> She asked much about the alleged lack of religion and socialism of the working class. I told her what I had observed, of good rather than evil. 'But,' she said – and I remember still the simplicity, almost the naïvety, with which she looked up and asked – 'all this is combined, is it not, with great personal loyalty to the throne?' I could only reply that whatever may have been thought about the throne, there was no doubt about loyalty to the Queen.

Which, no doubt, 80 years on is very much the same message that England's 8,000 beneficed clergy will be loyally delivering through their congregations to the Queen this weekend.

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Tom Baistow

Loyal Fourth Estate

As the Queen, these Jubilee mornings, turns from the racing section to the news pages and the glowing stained-glass prose that Fleet Street reserves for Very Important Royal Occasions she must be congratulating herself on having inherited such a devoted press along with her crown. For whatever the other Three Estates get up to, the Fourth is always there, finger to forelock, deferential as a Buck House butler, ready to restring the old clichés in fresh permutations, refurbish time-worn myths and invent new ones in the service of the monarchy: Practitioners in Public Relations to the Queen, by Royal Warrant – or sufferance, anyway.

True, the press today devotes noticeably less space to the royals than it did in the Fifties when the great Coronation show heralded the beginning of what Fleet Street decided was to be the New Elizabethan Age, a golden era when a cover picture of the young Queen was enough to bump up magazine sales by at least 10 per cent. Yet if the coverage has shrunk in column-inch terms, the PR tone has if anything become more reverential. If hypocrisy is the real *vice anglais*, Fleet Street is its most consistent expositor, and not least where the monarchy is concerned.

From time to time, of course, our national newspapers do question the diplomacy – although never the sentiments – of the Duke of Edinburgh's dafter or more arrogant homilies to the nation, or tut-tut at the private life of Princess Margaret. But the relevance, or otherwise, of the monarchy and its archaic life-style to Britain's post-war problems is never subjected to the fashionable 'analysis in depth' that every other national institution undergoes at regular intervals.

With Fleet Street's sycophantic blurbs as its main guide to the public mood, it is hardly surprising that the Palace is quaintly out of touch with reality. Take the recent seven-week tour of Australasia and the last colonial outposts – against the political and economic facts of 1977, an anachronistic enough safari, the last remnant of the Imperial Durbar rite. Yet three national papers, the *Telegraph*, the *Mirror* and even the hard-pressed *Express*, sent special reporters, at considerable expense, to cover what they must plainly have expected would be a banal, flag-waving exercise, a visual affair in which television must score with its instant satellite shots.

The paradox of the relationship between Palace and press is that while on the personal level the atmosphere has ranged from cordial to chilly over the 25 years, the newspapers as such have never examined their self-imposed role of perpetuating the patently mythical picture of a 20th-century Gloriana who sits late over the red boxes, bringing her trained mind and acute sense of statecraft to bear on government papers, astonishing her prime ministers (notably Harold Wilson) with her grasp of affairs, spellbinding both high and low, from Bolton to Fiji, with her phenomenal memory for faces and cases, her deep insight into their personal problems.

What hardbitten veterans of the royal circuit tell you, once away from their typewriters, would make much more interesting reading than the reworked platitudes they feel constrained to file. The Queen, they say, has genuine, winning charm that only comes over in person-to-person meetings (I remember Barbara Castle, no pushover, waxing lyrical over this quality). She is friendly, unaffected and kind to reporters in small, intimate groups, with a 'jolly' laugh that puts people at their ease. But it is a deceptive charm that can lead to painful snubs: the faintest hint of familiarity, a sign that someone is getting above his or her station, produces an instant freeze – 'she can be very steely'. As one journalist puts it: 'She knows she is Queen and never lets anyone forget it. For her it's not just a job; she obviously feels very strongly that she is the latest in a very long line of monarchs and that is why she is there, showing herself to the people.'

The 25-year-old Elizabeth had everything going for her when she flew back from Africa, a forlorn young figure, to take over what would be, to anyone of real imagination and lively intellect, the most soul-destroying of tedious jobs. The probability, pointed at by all the evidence, that the Queen suffers from neither of these professional drawbacks should have made her task easier. But after the first honeymoon years with her sympathetic subjects it became clear to Fleet Street that the Palace's idea of public relations was still rooted in George V's Thirties. Which was hardly to be wondered at, given that the royal image was then in the hands of Commander Sir Richard Colville, whom she had inherited as press secretary from her father.

Colville's main qualification for the job was that his admiral father had been a crony of George V's. He was an aristocrat who made it plain that he considered his task was to keep the press in its proper place, at a respectful distance; a courtier who would briskly tell a town on the royal route 'You'll have to get this road resurfaced if the Queen is to drive over it.'

Despite its growing frustration, Fleet Street never came out in the open with a real *exposé* of the Palace's failure to adjust to post-war attitudes and Britain's changed place in the world. When the blast came, in 1957, it was delivered by a young titled and Tory member of the Establishment, Lord Altrincham (who later disclaimed his title and is now John Grigg). An old Etonian, ex-Grenadier Guards, writing in his *National and English Review*, he dared to criticise both the Queen and her courtiers. Her social experience, he said, was restricted to the London season, the racecourse and the grouse moor – it was time for a change.

Predictably, the press had one of its fits of moral outrage, lambasting Altrincham for his 'disgraceful disloyalty' while exploiting every juicy morsel of gossip and comment it could lay pen to (the late *Daily Herald* alone supported him, citing the Palace's 'notoriously bad PR'). Two months later when Malcolm Muggeridge got into the act belatedly with a swipe at the 'royal soap opera' in the American *Saturday Evening Post* (largely repeating an article he had previously written in the NEW STATESMAN), the press again got out its horsewhip and cashed in on the public indignation it had stirred up.

However, the leading articles championing the royal cause produced no real rapport on the ground. So the late Lord Astor, then owner of *The Times* and, being American by origin, *plus royale que le roi*, organised a kiss-and-make-up cocktail party for the royals and the Palace press corps in the hope that it would lead to an *entente*. In fact the age of satire, with its lampoons of royalty, was soon to be ushered in by the BBC and for the first time newspapers began to print franker – or, as the Palace saw them, 'cheeky' – reports of the royal scene. But, like Sir Hugh Greene's 'revolution', it was a short-lived episode. Fleet Street felt more at home with the old myths.

Fleet Street's own myths die hard: as bored newspapermen and women brace themselves for the flood of Jubilee pap they will have to process they can be heard yearning for the good old days when editors weren't afraid to tear royalty off a real republican strip. Despite such EC4 folk-tales the Establishment-dominated press has never questioned the monarchy as such since George IV ditched his Caroline.

Victoria did come in for some editorial grumbling during the seclusion of her Widow of Windsor phase, but only when radicals like Sir Charles Dilke stirred up public protests that she wasn't earning her keep. The last mild cavilling was finally swept away by an avalanche of inspired hyperbole in 1897 when Salisbury's Tory government laid on her Diamond Jubilee, the most spectacular exercise in royal PR since the Field of the Cloth of Gold. It was then, 80 years ago, that the real foundations of Fleet Street's 'loyalty' were laid in thousands of columns of pious praise for the Queen Empress.

Edward VII, a libertine of Renaissance appetites with none of the redeeming qualities of a Medici, flaunted his numerous mistresses in public for 30 years as Prince and King without comment from the national press until he found himself in the law courts, once in a sensational divorce case, the second time in the Tranby Croft gambling scandal. Under cover of legal privilege, the London papers, for the first time, condemned his dissolute way of life. During the rest of his self-indulgent career the only clues the public got were from little gossip sheets like *Tomahawk* and *Town Talk*, whose scandals were hinted at in an oblique style that would baffle the readers of *Private Eye*. How much Fleet Street's editorial discretion was dictated by loyalty and how much by fear of royal displeasure

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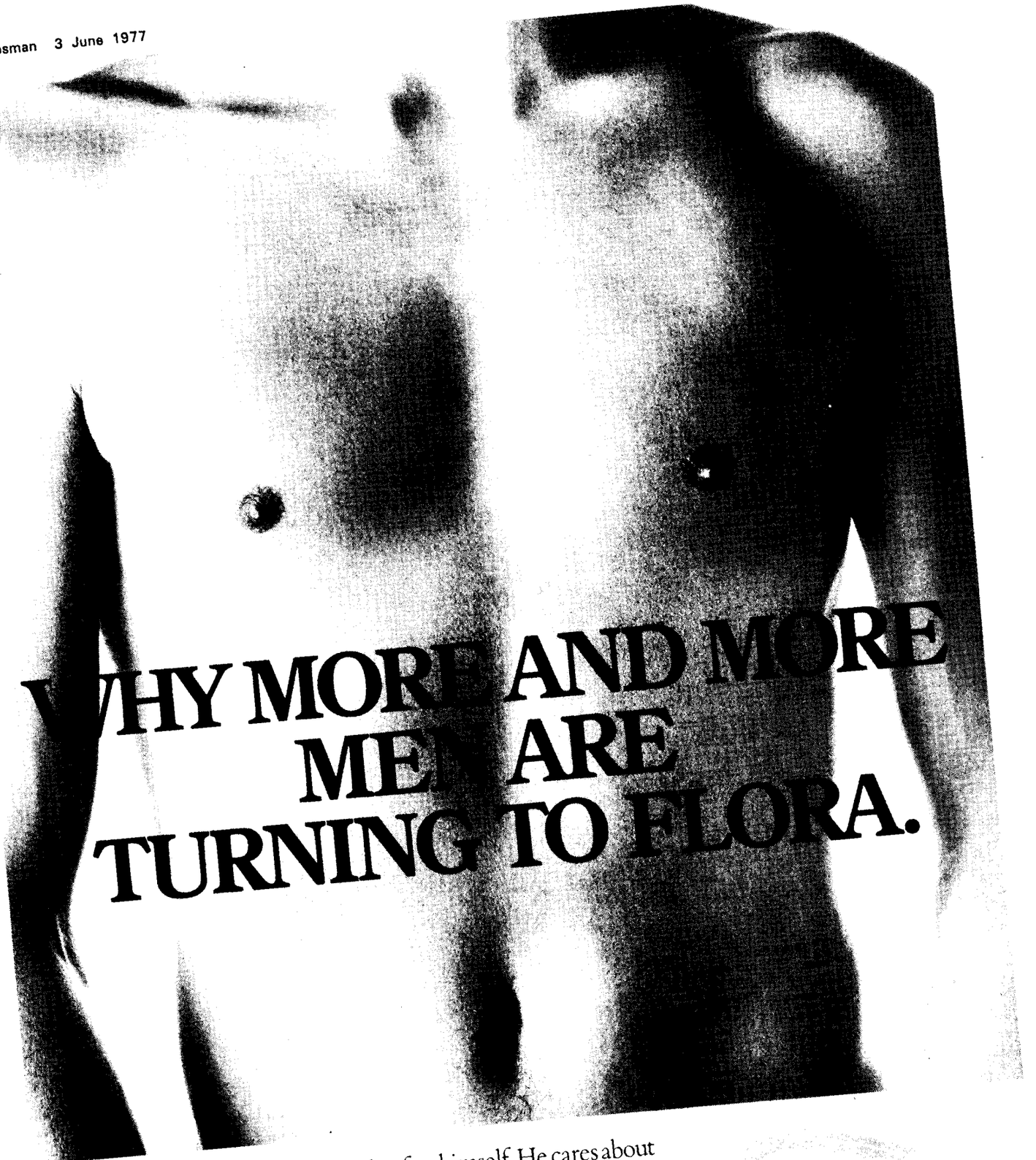

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or worse is hard to assess. But the one journalist who hinted more explicitly at the royal goings-on, Adolphus Rosenberg, 27-year-old editor of *Town Talk*, was jailed for 18 months in a multiple libel suit initiated by the otherwise complaisant husband of Mrs Lillie Langtry.

It is noteworthy that it was at the beginning of Edward's reign that the press proprietors were first co-opted into the Establistment by the conferment of titles – perhaps even more significant that it was Edward himself who put forward Northcliffe for the baronetcy that led to the peerage which became standard for future newspaper bosses . . . his brother Rothermere, Burnham, Beaverbrook, the Astor brothers, the Berry brothers (Camrose and Kemsley), even the *Daily Herald*'s Southwood (Julius Elias), the *News Chronicle*'s Layton, Thomson, Hartwell . . .

Whispers Limited

The first press lords certainly fulfilled the Establishment's hopes that whatever the pressure to exploit scandals in the cause of circulation they wouldn't rock the royal boat. Edward's successor, George V, as it turned out, was a staid autocrat more interested in shooting birds than chasing them, a wholesome pursuit seized on delightedly by the press, which recorded his mass killings with suitable awe (he won a posthumous place in the *Guinness Book of Records* with the 3,937 pheasant he and six other guns brought down in one day in 1913).

Despite the social unrest of the post-war years and the emergence of the Labour 'threat' relations between the King and the press were cosy. In his exhaustive 570-page *King George the Fifth* Harold Nicolson mentions the press merely once, and then only because the wild life of the Prince of Wales (later the Duke of Windsor) was making headlines during an American visit. 'Accustomed as he was to the *traditional reticence of the British press*,' wrote Nicolson, 'the King did not fully appreciate the vivid temper of overseas journalism' [my italics].

A few years later Fleet Street was to demonstrate just how reticent it could be. The Prince could be as rude to journalists as the Duke of Edinburgh (I speak from experience) yet although newspapers knew, like the whole of *Upstairs, Downstairs* London, about his 16 years' affair with Mrs Freda Dudley Ward, wife of a Liberal whip, never a whisper appeared in print.

But it was when the Prince took up with Mrs Wallis Simpson, then still married to her second husband, that the press showed to what amazing limits its sense of 'responsibility' could go. With an American involved, the US press reported their every move. Not a line, not a single quote from the 'King Woos Wallis' stories reached British readers. But when Mrs Simpson's divorce petition was put down for hearing Edward VIII, as he now was, knew this was hard news the papers couldn't stifle.

The King also knew his Establishment. 'I decided to enlist the aid and understanding of two powerful newspaper friends – Lord Beaverbrook and the Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, now Lord Rothermere . . . they achieved the miracle I desired – a "gentlemen's agreement" among newspaper editors to report the case without sensation.' Even when Bishop Blunt of Bradford made his historic speech that put the King on the spot the national papers next day reported his words deadpan, without comment.

After this shameless suppression of a two-year-old secret, with all its constitutional implications, came shameless invention. Without batting an eyelid Fleet Street got down to a full-scale PR job on Edward's brother, the reluctant Bertie, who became George VI. Not even the most gifted feature writer, however, could hide the fact that the new King was tragically miscast for the job. Luckily he had married a bustling Scots aristocrat whose common touch gave reporters enough 'colour' to sustain the tattered royal image until the war provided them with Churchill and all the heroic copy the country needed.

With the war over, Britain was ripe for a royal romance, and Fleet Street pulled out all the stops for the courtship and wedding of Elizabeth and Philip in 1947. But the first sign that the Palace had finally got the message didn't come until 1968 when Colville retired and it appointed William Heseltine, a 38-year-old former secretary to Sir Robert Menzies when he was Prime Minister of Australia. Heseltine, used to the rough-and-tumble of Canberra politics, introduced the hard sell to the marketing of the monarchy. His term coincided with the emergence of Prince Charles and Princess Anne into the full limelight: Heseltine saw that if the royal image was to be refashioned it would have to be through the young Windsors. In the event the job has fallen to Charles, whose, quick wit and engaging lack of pomposity have won over journalists who can't stand Anne's imperious petulance and bad manners.

Heseltine stuck the job as press secretary for only four years before going back to Australia (he has now returned to become assistant private secretary), but his stint was catalytic. Today the press secretary is Ronald Allison, a former BBC soccer commentator and Court reporter whose professional but 'correct' coverage of royal tours caught the Palace's eye. As poacher turned gamekeeper Allison keeps relations equable: a couple of years ago he had a cross-section of top newspaper executives along for drinks with the Queen and her family in the best public relations tradition.

An editor who has chatted with his monarch over sherry can be guaranteed not to run a republican campaign, but with the Palace moving, however cautiously, into the second half of the 20th century one might have hoped that the press would have risked *lèse majesté* and tried to give the royal phenomenon a more adult perspective. Yet the coverage of the Australasian tour and the pointed visit to restive Scotland reads like pre-war cuttings. The *Mirror*, whose patriotism is never far below the surface, ran two slushy leaders on the Australian trip, ending up with an ingratiating 'Well done, Ma'am'. The *Telegraph* devoted three whole columns to the 'importance' of the Queen's wardrobe.

Ritual Assaults

But business is business . . . no paper ever fails to make the most of Mr William Hamilton's routine professional assaults on the 'royal layabouts'. (The Queen may find it a happy omen that the fourth of Victoria's six would-be assassins was also named William Hamilton: it was found, however, that there were no bullets in his revolver, he was declared mad and detained during Her Majesty's pleasure.)

It would at least be a start if Fleet Street could shed its Emperor's Clothes complex. It may well be that it is its very British philistinism that endears the royal family to the people, or half of them anyway. When not making their ritual appearances they spend most of their time enjoying the horse in its various manifestations. In a country that has more race meetings, more betting shops and more riding schools than any other that can't be bad, if hardly enough.

Their visits to the theatre are as rare as those of the bulk of the Queen's subjects. Perhaps Her Majesty's predilection for plain food, corgis, *Kojak* and Anglo-Saxon hats is the real basis of her rapport with the women of Britain, who are the last of the true monarchists as they are the last of the true churchgoers.

Like the Left, the press has never faced up to the real implications of the monarchy in the confused modern world. Nor has it understood that if the royal family is to have any worthwhile place in the national psyche it will not be helped by a distorted feedback of 'public opinion' or by a craven lack of constructive criticism. Of course, it could be significant that the most socially stable countries in Europe, the ones we most admire, the Scandinavian states and Holland, have maintained their constitutional monarchies, however modified. But then their newspapers have also kept up with the needs of democracy – including a non-reverential attitude towards the monarchy.

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London Diary

☐ The jollity of Jubilee year has been greatly added to by the notices of Mrs Whitehouse's *Whatever Happened to Sex?* (I have heard rumours that it is still alive and living in Enfield), most of which have, I am glad to say, been serious and respectful. One of the most thoughtful was that written by Jack Dominian, author of *Proposals for a New Sexual Ethic*. 'If coitus is not primarily linked with procreation, then what is its principal meaning?' he wrote, 'That is the challenge of our times.' The disturbing thing is that you can live through our times in blissful ignorance of what the challenges are; and we need people like Dr Dominian who are constantly alert to point them out. As I write this, on Saturday night, discos are emptying all over the country, and the back seats of Ford Capris are filled with couples whispering urgently to each other, 'But darling, this is not primarily linked with procreation.' 'Cheer up, love, it's the challenge of our times.'

☐ Now we also know from Mrs Whitehouse what the real enemies of public decency are; not sex, it seems, not even page 3 of the *Sun*, but the arts pages of the *Guardian* and, wait for it, Sir Hugh Carleton Greene. What I have long suspected is now made clear. The censorship lobby doesn't object to what an American girl I used to know called 'sex *per se*', but the questioning of authority, or treating established powers with less than reverence. The Hugh Greene era at the BBC (what a golden age of vanished delights it now seems) is no doubt blamed for opening the flood gates of healthy impertinence with *That Was The Week That Was*. Certainly that programme led to a decrease in unthinking reverence for politicians; but it's hard to see the jovial Sir Hugh, with his interest in wine tasting and Edwardian detective fiction, as real anarchist material. Perhaps it's the suave and Tory Ned Sherrin, or that arch revolutionary David Frost, that the censors have in mind? Is it William Rushton they really fear, and have they slept more safely in their beds since Millicent Martin went on tour to America?

☐ These are stirring times in Fleet Street, and for the triumvirate in charge of the fight to secure the *Standard*, who must be heartily supported by all men of goodwill. Charles Wintour, Jocelyn Stevens and Simon Jenkins seemed at their literary lunch on Tuesday to be thoroughly enjoying the battle and even scenting victory. It must have seemed miraculous indeed to these fearless warriors when the Angel of Mons descended and handed Mr David English a forged letter; but whatever the outcome of the libel actions against the *Mail*, I devoutly hope the Royal Commission on the Press has not been railroaded into producing some code for 'impartial' newspapers. Impartiality has been the death of BBC current affairs, and the most readable newspapers, including *Private Eye*, the NEW STATESMAN and the *Mail* itself, are enjoyable because of their partiality. No one is taken in, and I can't imagine anyone having their politics changed by a newspaper; but the pleasure to be got from them is the *frisson* of having your prejudices rubbed up the wrong way. So I take John Junor on Sunday morning like a particularly painful aftershave, and the joy of reading *The Times* lies as much in being irritated by Ronald Butt as it does in agreeing with Bernard Levin or in hanging on the invaluable words of their prince of gardening correspondents, Mr Roy Hay.

☐ The police have always seemed to me a most curious organisation, like an army with no one above the rank of NCO (Police Commissioners all look and talk like serious-minded Sergeant Majors) and our idea of the policeman seems outdated. 'The Copper', the 'Bobby on the Beat', 'Old Bill' is seen as a sterling and blindly loyal 1914 Tommy Atkins prepared to go over the top for a shilling: a perfect working-class conformist who exists so that the comfortably off can sleep more comfortably in their beds. When policemen show signs of humanity and take bribes or beat on the roof of Merlyn Rees's car we feel aghast, as if all the Tommies on the Somme had suddenly downed bayonets and struck for higher differentials. There are various reasons for this attitude. The police have been constantly oversold by judges while their own spokesmen have always presented them, I'm sure inaccurately, as thoughtless reactionaries calling for the return of the rope; and in our complicated class structure they are totally isolated, with few friends except the criminals on whom their jobs depend. Surely there is a case for a more highly qualified, professional and far better paid police force, more closely allied to the probation officers, the doctors and even the lawyers whom some of their leaders affect to despise. Policemen's status would surely rise if they became integrated into the community as concerned professionals, and the square-bashing could be left to the vast army of traffic wardens.

☐ I hate to fall out with Bryan Magee, who would be Minister of the Arts if anyone in the Government knew their business, but as he is one of our legislators I would like to save him from error in the great seat belts controversy. It is irrelevant that I have a father-in-law who would certainly have been killed had he been wearing a seat belt when his car crashed: what is vitally important is Mr Magee's argument that we mustn't take risks with ourselves because of the cost of hospital services to the state. We are not far from an attitude of mind which is perhaps one of the dangers inherent in the idea of a welfare state: if the Government pays your medical bills, then the Government can compel you to keep well. So, if we are forced to wear safety belts why not penal laws against smoking and butter, why not Government Inspectors to make sure no one takes a second helping of pud? And what about skiing, hang-gliding or motor racing? Please, Mr Magee, do understand that this is an issue of personal liberty: or should the detention centres be full of children who went recklessly climbing trees regardless of the high cost of Elastoplast or the national shortage of trousers?

☐ The desecration of Radio 4 continues and may continue despite my protests. ('Now for our Tuesday morning *treat*' chirruped the lady who has robbed us of half the *Today* programme, and then she played us an unfunny snatch from an old Victor Borge record that has been gathering dust on my shelves for the past 20 years.) But I forgive the radio much for a story told on it by the novelist Bernice Rubens which has been haunting me this week. It seems Miss Rubens spent much time in Indonesia, where unbalanced persons run amok (a Malay word). She was talking to a medicine man or witch doctor and asked him how he treated those who ran amok. 'Well,' he replied, 'I let them talk to me about their childhood and I ask them about their dreams.' 'Really?' Miss Rubens was interested. 'And have you ever heard of Freud?' 'Who is Freud?' the medicine man asked helpfully, 'Does he live in Jakarta?' I'm glad Jung was spared the embarrassment of having the collective unconscious proved so conclusively, and then finding Dr Freud had got there first.

☐ I have paid my tribute to the Royal Jubilee. An old play of mine, actually written in 1961, a year which, like many others, has slid into anonymity, has been backdated to 1952 for its revival on the box. Twenty-five years! Throughout them I have done my very best to set an example to the nation. I have, as a lawyer, divorced more people than I have had hot dinners. I have done my best to reduce the prison population and given some actors temporary employment. John Barnes, Millets (my tailor), and the Victoria Wine Company in Henley-on-Thames and the seed shop in Watlington would be entitled to advertise my patronage. I feel this long service entitles me to the waving of a small flag and at least half an inch of bunting. For 'The Day' itself I intend to go walkabout, somewhere South of Naples.

John Mortimer

This Jubilee

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ Thousands of towns are swathed in flags. Wetherby, Yorkshire, can hardly be seen for bunting. 'It's everywhere,' a spokesman said. 'Unfortunately it is being pinched by people for their own decorations – 25 Union Jacks went in the first week.' – *Sunday Times* (G. M. Moger)

☐ The Lord Chamberlain's office, which turned down a request from Port Meirion Pottery for the production of Jubilee potties, saying they were in 'bad taste', has agreed that the firm can produce Jubilee 'planters' – potties with two handles. – *Newcastle Evening Chronicle* (C. E. Stewart)

☐ An Italian restaurant in Nottingham yesterday started offering red, white and blue spaghetti to mark the Queen's Silver Jubilee. – *Daily Telegraph* (John Forster)

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University Forum

Francis Beckett

The Queen as Visitor

In the last ten years Her Majesty's subjects in her universities and colleges have changed their attitude to her, by and large, from amused tolerance to active resentment. In Jubilee year the Queen Mother, the Chancellor, has been barred from the University of London Union's ball and picketed by LSE students; student International Socialists marched on May Day chanting 'One, Two, Three, Stuff the Jubilee'; Dave Cook, until recently the Communist Party's student organiser, is preparing a People's Jubilee; and even the politically uninterested in London University are seething with indignation because their finals have been brought forward by two weeks to make way for the Jubilee, and that throws out their revision timetables.

Yet in 1967 I remember, as a student at Keele University, that the worst thing that happened to Princess Margaret when she visited us was being kicked by the students union president, and that was at least in part her own fault. For that year's president, Malcolm Clarke, had been elected for his commitment and his considerable skills, not his conciseness of person. He was very tall and tended to lose track of the doings of the outer extremities of his long limbs. Tradition had it that the first dancers at the Royal Ball were the president and the Princess, and the young ladies of the university had spent a painful month trying to teach Malcolm to waltz without doing Her Royal Highness any permanent damage. On the big night the Princess refused all his polite offers to waltz, then suddenly insisted on a bunny-hop, and deserved all she got.

The ostentatious preparations for royal visits, now the cause of resentment, then mainly provoked laughter. At Keele ten years ago the rudest remarks were reserved for the Domestic Bursar, who spent days before the visit lovingly hand-rolling hundreds of multi-coloured tissues for the royal lavatory. The combination of pomp and lavatories was irresistible, besides which the bush telegraph had brought us news from Leicester University, which had been graced by the Queen herself. Their student leaders had been given strict instructions that someone was to be placed outside the royal loo, and that as soon as Her Majesty had used it, this person was to nip in sharpish, unscrew the lavatory seat, and lock it in a safe, to protect it from souvenir-hunters.

Within a year or two things were changing, and Warwick University's attempts to protect the royal sensibility were greeted with much muttered resentment by students and lecturers. The white tiles which covered every building were as insecure as they were ugly, and kept falling off, because someone had used the wrong glue, so fences were erected round the walls to guard against accidents. Before the Queen turned up, the fences disappeared, and if Her Majesty ever wondered why members of her entourage seemed intent on placing themselves between her and every adjacent wall, she never let on.

Frenetically tarting up the bits royalty glimpsed was seen more and more as an affront to the people who lived and worked in the place. This feeling exploded dramatically at Stirling in 1972. It was the first student demonstration the Queen had been involved in, and it was front page news for months afterwards. The newspapers were unanimous in their view: 'Drunk students hurl insults at royal visitor', (*Mail*); 'The obscene and beery breath of student violence came frighteningly close to the Queen yesterday', (*Express*); 'A howling mob of drunken students hurled insults at the Queen yesterday', (*Sun*) – and so on. Actually, they weren't drunk, they didn't howl, and no one was frightened – otherwise the papers got it right.

Her Majesty – 'laughing and having enjoyed herself' (Sir Derek Lang, University Secretary) and 'not unduly worried' (Buckingham Palace spokesman) – left and perhaps forgot all about it. But 34-year-old student Jack Mackie wasn't allowed to forget that he had been photographed a few yards from the Queen, lifting a bottle of wine to his lips and offering her a toast. Over the next few month Mr Mackie was thrown out of his lodgings, beaten when he walked round the town, and spat on and insulted in bars and cafés. It was not reported in the papers which had printed the photograph and interviewed Mr Mackie afterwards, but news of the aftermath travelled the country's campuses, and it helped to change attitudes towards royalty. Still 'smiling regally', Her Majesty continued to visit her academic hot-houses, while in the battle between amusement and resentment for the hearts and minds of the inhabitants, the latter was slowly winning.

With the publication of the then Education Secretary Margaret Thatcher's White Paper *Framework for Expansion* in 1973, the resentment began to have a focus. The first batch of college closures is due this summer and by 1981 60 will be dead. The survivors are on very short rations. If their function is to open new buildings, then at least some of the royal family must be due for redundancy. People in higher education are becoming more intolerant about the hundreds, sometimes thousands of pounds it costs to keep her under the delusion that the whole of her Empire pemanently smells of fresh paint.

Which is why, in this Jubilee year, London University students offered a pointed snub to their titular chief, the Queen Mother. They cancelled her traditional attendance at the University of London Union's Ball. (The irony is that ULU President Richard Silver is on Camden's Jubilee Committee. 'It's useful for lobbying,' he says.) ULU told the Queen Mother they saw no point in tarting up bits of their building for her to walk around for half an hour. And finally royalty reacted. The Queen Mother managed, without mentioning the cause for resentment once, to make ULU's leaders feel guilty about having it. Her letter said she quite understood, spirit of the times, but she would like to see the staff she'd been visiting for 20 years – perhaps she could drop in informally one day? And so she did.

What has happened is that a 600-year-old myth has been shattered. The first Elizabeth lived and prospered because when she did anything unpopular people blamed wicked advisers. If only Her Majesty could be detached from this or that coterie, everything would be fine. The myth survived mad Hanoverians, prissy Victoria, ineffective Windsors, the stripping of hereditary power, newspapers and television, only to shatter on contact with money. For when people are told that the budget's been cut and they cannot have new facilities, and then see the money spent on preparations for a lightning visit by a royal dignitary, they can no longer be expected to regard royalty as having *nothing to do with their troubles.*

STUDENTS

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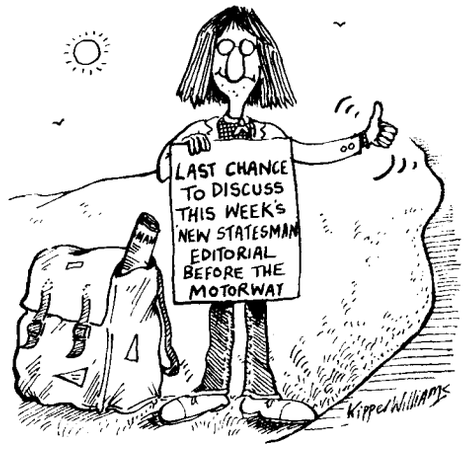

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First Person

Arthur Marshall

By Royal Appointment

Although I have in this column liberated from time to time, in loyal answer to loyal readers' requests, a few minor details of my private life (just a word here and a name there concerning my commodious habitat and my village world), nobody respects more than I the sanctity of privacy and the need to preserve it, a need that in this joyous Jubilee year must surely be felt more than ever by the very highest in the land. It is partly for this reason that I am abandoning my daring plan, inspired by a very natural curiosity, of shinning over that wall, pressing my nose to the Palace windows and having a good dekko at what they are all munching for breakfast. But the true reason really is that I no longer need to go to all that trouble to find out. I now *know*.

My information comes from, of all the unlikely sources to be in any way connected with kippers and kedgeree and bacon and eggs, the pages of *Debrett*. Within, for all to see who can gain access to this august publication, sits an alphabetical list of Royal Warrant Holders, a list based, as it announces in the edition I have seen, on the names published in the *London Gazette* of 1 January 1975. Here are to be found in fact the names, some famous (Fortnum), some obscure (Mrs J. Lightbody), of all the purveyors and suppliers and providers of life's necessities who keep the royal family going in the way of nourishment and clothes and cars and creature comforts and so on.

Not that the royal family is for this purpose lumped together in a conglomerate. Naturally, some like this and some like that. Identification marks alongside the suppliers' names indicate whether this or that goody goes to Her Majesty, or to the Queen Mother, or to both of them (as pretty often occurs), or solely to the Duke of Edinburgh. And at last we know exactly what goes on and who gets what. One or two nostalgic marks apply only to departed monarchs – George VI, Edward VIII and George V. Maybe diligent research in back numbers could show one where dear Queen Mary used down the years to acquire her unforgettable toques (her gracious bowing, from the back seat of large motor-cars, was so regular and unvaried and clockwork-like that a rumour went about that she was in actual fact enjoying a pleasant doze and was being worked off the back-axle).

Armed with this information and the list of names, what more agreeable pastime can there be than to picture the start of an ordinary day at Buckingham Palace? Dawn, with the birds happily twittering in the garden, and at 7.30 a.m. the Queen stirs in her sleep and, awaking to an Airwick-fresh bedroom, switches off the Chubb Intruder Alarm, rises from the warm embrace of her Sleepeezee bedding, dons her mules, pauses for a moment to admire the hygienic wizardries of Jeyes Fluid and Sanitas (of Sanitas House SW9) and then it's into that hot tub, with generous spongefuls of Pears' creamy suds and, at the ready in case of a watery accident, her Beaufort Air-Sea Life Saving Equipment. A hearty towelling down and then comes the supportive comfort of the best handiwork of Rigby & Peller (corsetières), topped by a deceptively simple day-dress from Hartnell, firmly marked with Cash's Name Tapes just in case there's a muddle at the laundry.

Then hoping that the Express Dairy has called (as promised), it's downstairs, with the cosy whirr of the Electrolux Suction Cleaner humming away, an admiring glance at the half-dozen new organ blowers standing crated in the hall and just delivered by Messrs Watkins and Watson of Wareham (they will be handy as Christmas presents), a quick dash to Day & Hewitt's Animal Medicines cupboard for a swift purgative for the corgis, and then into the breakfast room where a super spread awaits. There are Cooper's marmalade, Harris's bacon, the full range of Heinz in all its nutritious glory, Quaker oats, preserves from Tiptree, Angostura Aromatic Bitters, Kellogg's assorted cereals, Lucozade, tempting kippers from Associated Fisheries (Neptune House, Bermondsey), fragrant herrings from Mac Fisheries (Ocean House, Bracknell), Baxter's pork sausages (slosh on the Colman's, there's bags more in the larder), Aylesbury Mushrooms, cascades of Cerebos (from Cerebos House, Willesden), and, standing ready in the corner, one of Berkel & Parnall's Slicing Machines, just in case any of the viands need slicing. Then, with the meal over, the Cross's Disposable Tableware is gathered up, loaded into one of Cartem's Sack Holders, popped into plastic refuse luxibins and then, presumably, disposed of. And, on the very tick of nine, work begins, with the Venus pencils and the Parker pens flying over the embossed writing paper and Her Majesty's Addressograph machine clanks merrily into action.

Over in Clarence House, a roughly similar picture presents itself but with subtle differences. Here there is less sense of urgency. The Queen Mother rises, I rather suspect, a pinch later (and who could blame her, nestling as she is in the downy arms of Slumberland?) and, after a lavish going-over with Morny soap, a testing choice of corsetières lies before her: shall it be the Woodward-Yorke or the Madame Marcyle of WC1? Meanwhile, downstairs in the kitchen regions, the 'Scotchbrite' scouring pads have been violently at work preparing pots and pans and dishes for the bewildering flood of tuck that's been daily pouring in through the back door. No quinquireme of Nineveh ever came from further afield or was more heavily laden on arrival – cheese from the Orkneys and Jermyn Street, biscuits from Blackpool, Musk's sausages from Newmarket, Emmett's pickled hams from Suffolk, cream (and is it wise?) from United Dairies, Baxter's Scottish Specialities (baps, would you think?), Chivers' Christmas puddings from Cambridge, Rowntree's table jellies, Wall's meat pies, almonds from Mitcham, Weetabix, Antony's Tudor Queen tongues, joints from Staines, shoulders from Eaton Square, Floris pâtisserie, Findus frozen peas, and fruit from Aberdeen. And what a sweet tooth we do seem to have. There's the full Nestlé range, cocoa and chocolate from Bournville itself, Ackermann's chocs from the Finchley Road, and Sharp's toffees (from Kreemy Works, Maidstone).

A contented sigh, a gentle dabbing of the fingers, and then it's out with the Aquascutum, on with the peaches and cream (Elizabeth Arden), into the Daimler and off, with that enchanting smile, to open something or pat a horse and delight everybody. Digestion pills are not mentioned and no credit is given but they must surely exist and have been swallowed and even now are completing their beneficial work within.

By contrast, George VI's list of possibilities reveals an almost ascetic and monk-like self-denial and absence of flesh-pots and high living. I dare say that some additional items have dropped away with the years but what is left is bleak in the extreme. There was, it is true, an occasional glass of Ayala's champagne, and we see that sometimes he clearly went a bust and ordered a steam tractor from Foden's or a Permutit Water Treating Equipment but otherwise it is a sober and hearteningly healthy and abstemious picture, with piping-hot Bovril straight from its HQ (yes, Bovril House, Enfield), Ryvita, Horlick's, bubbling soda-water from the Sodastream machine and, virtually the only outside excitement, a periodical visit from Trumper the Hairdresser. No chocs, No baps. No hams, and a fine example to the nearest and dearest.

Roger Woddis

Cheers!

Jubilee jodhpurs and jigsaws and jockstraws,
Jubilee jellies and Jubilee jam,
Jubilee junk in a Jubilee dustbin,
Jubilee twins in a Jubilee pram.

Jubilee medals to mount on your mantel,
Jubilee mousetraps in Balmoral Blue,
Twenty-five years of your happy-and-glorious,
Jubilee rolls in a Jubilee loo.

Jubilee shops full of Jubilee shoddy,
Jubilee ash-trays and Jubilee mugs,
Juke-boxes jumping with Jubilee jingles,
Jubilee jasmine in Japanese jugs.

Special editions to boost circulation,
Jubilee brides on a Jubilee pill,
Trumpery trinkets to flog to the tourists,
Ring up the curtain and ring up the till.

Up with the bunting in Jubilee Mansions,
Up with the sun that has already set,
Down with the breadline that makes us remember,
Up with the circus that makes us forget.

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Letters to the Editor

Socialists and Austerity

Sir, Bernard Harrison's letter 'British Socialism's Hair Shirt' (NS 13 May) does a real service in voicing the discontent of many of us with the basic puritanism of so many Labour Party spokesmen. Indeed puritanism is a type of flea which breeds in the fur of socialism in some other countries too. China and Cuba, for instance, are prone to a particular virulent species.

The fallacy lies in making socialism primarily a matter of equality and going on from that to mean an equality of plain living. Clearly we do not want extremes of riches and poverty but surely a more cheering goal would be not the simple life for all but well-distributed affluence. I suggest that the average worker would prefer a society in which there was (in present terms) a minimum of £4,000 p.a. but in which those with responsibility or enterprise could get up to £15,000 to one in which everyone was pinned to (say) £2,500. Indeed one of the pillars against the extremer forms of egalitarianism is the trade unions themselves, as witness the strong reaction against eroded differentials on the part of the more skilled and qualified.

In short, let there be more emphasis on increasing the size of the cake to be distributed, on the proper organisation and development of our resources. Here, of course, the puritans and simple-lifers will drag in the doom-watchers and enemies of technology who can hardly wait for the introduction of rationing of everything from petrol to food. Let the rest of us concentrate on securing the maintenance and extension of an affluent society by the development of new technologies such as the alternative forms of energy, large-scale fish-farming, recycling and efficient battery-electric vehicles so that we can still go on motoring when the petrol runs out. Linked with this must be a much greater emphasis on not only control but eventual reduction of population and the elimination of all those forms of waste such as unnecessary packaging which contribute little or nothing towards a pleasant life.

The creation of a well-founded and well-distributed prosperity on these lines would give progressives something more inspiring to work for than the grey 1984 which some seem to see as the goal.

V. C. C. SAUNDERS

42 Templar Road
Oxford

Sir, Your correspondent, Peter Bridger (Letters 20 May), replying to Bernard Harrison (Letters 13 May) has faced the one 'moment of truth' that should come to all, with pretensions to socialism, but rarely seems to, when he says:

> Are the Harrisons of this world so blinded by stupid greed as not to recognise the simple arithmetical flaw in their 'material luxury is a virtuous motive' boast? Do they seriously suppose this planet capable of supporting five or six thousand million humans peaceably trying to hail taxis, drink double whiskies and plan for two holidays a year in Majorca?

In logic there surely must be only two valid reactions once this simple arithmetical fact is fully grasped:

(1) The realisation that elites, aristocracies, ruling classes, central committees or establishments are here to stay and either to seek to replace the present one with another (Milovan Djilas – *The New Class*) or to seek to perpetuate the present middle class by talking grandly about freedom and absolute values (Paul Johnson and his book *Enemies of Society*).

(2) Acceptance of the fact that a radical, completely new approach is necessary before the brotherhood of man, at present a long term, almost impossible, ideal, is realised; and that equality of reward is the only true equality worthy of one's best endeavours.

It seems to me that modern political ideas and actions tend to polarise around these two basic propositions. However, unless equal pay for all, whatever the work, is seen as the final solution to greed, envy and despair there will always be a few who can have their double whiskies and two holidays a year in Majorca.

BOB LINDON

2 Firsby Avenue
Shirley, Croydon

East End Doctors

Sir, For many years now the contributions of Dr Donald Gould have had a strange ability to aggravate your medical readers – an ability which has often been difficult to pinpoint. Here have been the writings of a 'failed clinician' who, like a spoiled priest, provides that mixture of inside information and journalistic ability as article after article proceeds, depicting one or other side of professional practice of which he disapproved. It has surprised me that the correspondence columns have allowed him to get away with it for so long.

At long last, one can now see some explanation in his article on 'The Darker Side of the National Health Service' (NS 20 May) and all it has done is to show how divorced he has become from patients and their problems. Having lived in the East End for 14 of the years between 1951 and 1970, I feel the other side of the story should be told. It simply is not true that general practitioners did not live at their practices. When I was working at the London Hospital doing the research for my masterships, two East End practitioners allowed me to do evening surgeries for them at their homes but they did not allow me just to use the symbolistic stethoscope. One of the partners was always present with me and the amount of ordinary family medicine taught to me by Doctors Deplo, Wright and Abraham is still treasured. There was no 'appropriate scrap of paper' but the hospital referrals were supervised, and the patients followed up. Of course, there was an interesting rise in the demand for sick notes when West Ham had a mid-week game, but it was difficult to dispute those requests.

In the years of Dr Gould's departure from the academic life a general practitioner could not afford a receptionist. They certainly could not enjoy good take home pay – but they did need to have some time off, and some used the deputising services. But don't disparage them. Dr Gould presumably, as an academic, did not attempt to work for seven days per week. If he did he doesn't record his achievements or medical publications in the *Medical Directory*.

While I worked with the deputising services there was a chance to be with families during their bereavement, to drink endless cups of tea with anxious parents, to sit in with families desolate at acute medical, surgical and psychiatric emergencies. I agree that the financial rewards were small but they kept your nose above the water. But please don't talk about 'wretched principles'. I have many times been rescued from my brash decisions as the emergency doctor by Doctors Abraham, Deplo and Wright. I admired their work, learned from their wisdom and one (Dr Abraham) became my family doctor.

Possibly if Dr Gould had spent more time living in the East End, he would have had eyes to see and ears to hear, and not revealed his ignorance.

GRANT WILLIAMS

104 Harley Street
London W1

Sauce for the Goose . . .

Sir, Among the various diatribes by Paul Johnson recently published in your columns was 'The Age of Terror" (NS 29 November 1974.) In it he denounced the United Nations for giving a hearing to the Palestinian leader, Yasir Arafat, since it thereby condoned terrorism, while the representative of Israel, 'the world's most advanced social democracy', had, he alleged, 'been virtually silenced'. Terrorism, Mr Johnson asserted, 'can never serve an ideal'. It is 'always and in every circumstance wrong': 'those who practise it must not only be punished but repudiated by those who share their political aims.'

It is now more than two weeks since the election in which 'the world's most advanced social democracy' voted into office a party led by a former terrorist, and I am waiting with some impatience to read the article in which Mr Johnson explains this apparent contradiction. No doubt, he will be denouncing Mr Begin and those who voted for him in much the same strong terms as he denounced Mr Arafat and his supporters. And he will, of course, be urging the West and the friends of Israel, to 'punish' and 'repudiate' Mr Begin in no uncertain manner. Or does he, like many others who have been loud in their denunciations of Arab terrorism, prefer to maintain an embarrassed silence?

ANTHONY ARBLASTER

246 Crookesmoor Road
Sheffield

Speeding Towards Death

Sir, Your contributor Jeremy Bugler (NS 20 May) could learn a lot from the book *Children as Writers* reviewed by Germaine Greer in the same issue. Certainly the basics of truth and reason should be explained to him before he is allowed to lower your tone again.

I am the rally driver who encourages 'bad driving indoctrination' to start young by 'careering all over the road in a manner held up to be admirable' on Thames TV's *Magpie* programme. As I understand it, *Magpie* covers my exploits because rallying is an exciting, growing sport in which British drivers and cars are striving for – and rapidly gaining – supremacy. It also involves far more skills than motor racing (map reading and time keeping for example) and statistically is far safer. The merest hint of research would have told Mr Bugler that any 'careering' in my sport takes place *off* the public road and on special stages closed to all other traffic. Most of these are held on Forestry Commission land, are authorised and paid for, and often attract large numbers of spectators. Last year's Lombard RAC International, Britain's biggest rally, attracted over 2 million spectators and, like all its smaller relatives, was fully approved by the police, local authorities and the RAC, the governing body of British motor sport.

As rally correspondent (and former news editor) of *Motor* magazine, I would also challenge Mr Bugler's main contention that speed kills. Speed in itself is not a killer – speed in the wrong circumstances and driver inability kills! Cars and roads were developed to transport people and goods more efficiently *and faster* than by walking and carrying. Low (and

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in my opinion lowering) driver standards are constantly adding to the inherent dangers of this attempt by man to improve his world. By placing a premium on skill, anticipation and commonsense (exemplified by top class rally drivers) rather than restrictive, retrogressive, unenforceable legislation, Britain could cut the road toll and return some of the pleasure to the craft of driving. Light sentences for drunken and lunatic driving (some of the latter are slow, senile lunatics) must not be tolerated – neither must unresearched, ill-considered rubbish such as that produced by Mr Bugler.

DAVID HARDCASTLE

32 Riffel Road
London NW2

No Complaints

Sir, Colin Dodd in his article on the North East London Polytechnic ('An Infantile Disorder', NS 27 May) says 'cuts began to be implemented at NELP . . . the resources of the library diminished'. This is a serious allegation which is quite untrue. The library has suffered no cuts in staff, accommodation, book fund or any other resources. On the other hand when one of the libraries was occupied as part of the campaign to free Mr Strouthous, (or was it for some other purpose, the reasons for these occupations keep changing?) nearly £1,000-worth of equipment mysteriously vanished. That is diminution, perhaps.

The director is currently blamed in anonymous, usually rather illiterate, broadsheets circulated within NELP for just about every ill that befalls mankind including forcing his deputy director, poor chap, out of NELP to become director of Wolverhampton Polytechnic. It is presumably not Dr Brosan but someone who only looks and sounds like him who has been successful in persuading the governing body and the joint education committee to maintain library and other resources at a level reasonably close to what is required.

P. W. PLUMB
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John Bull's Other Islands

Sir, As a native of Guernsey I wish to express appreciation of the article written by Martin Short (NS 6 May). My colleagues of the Labour Group, the Communist Party, the trade unions and many individuals have long been grappling with such shortcomings as the lack of democracy and civil rights in our island home.

The affairs of this affluent island are geared to attract financial interests and capital which should be invested in British industry. We have a low rate of taxation, attractive company laws and registration fees, no VAT; thus luxuries are comparatively cheap. This, however, is accompanied by low wages, poor social services, scandalously low pensions, higher prices for food and many essentials, such as bread, milk, meat, fish, rents, bus fares, medical services etc.

Our government, the State of Guernsey, is composed of an elected number of deputies, 32 to be exact; 12 Conseillers who are elected by an electoral college, and 10 *douzaine* representatives who are elected by the ratepayers of their respective parishes but not by universal suffrage. The Bailiff who is the chief judge of the island also serves as President of the States and as Bob Baker says (Letters 13 May) has only a casting vote. On many occasions, when voting is fairly close, the Conseillers and/or the *douzaine* representatives can swing the vote one way or the other. Voting is by acclamation, and only if the acclamation is judged to be fairly close is a recorded vote taken – thus the electorate cannot keep an accurate record of how their representatives voted. Bob Baker exaggerates when he says that on many occasions the vote has gone against the wish of the administration; it has done so on a few occasions only.

Employees of the States from road sweepers, manual workers, school teachers, to civil servants cannot become members of the States without making great sacrifices and losing, or risking losing, many rights, such as promotion, etc. Remuneration for States members is based on joint income of husband and wife; a States member can receive up to £2,000 a year if the joint income is nil, but has to repay the whole sum if the income exceeds £3,000 per annum. This means for the greater number of would-be States members an impossible barrier; very few working-class representatives would be permitted sufficient time to allow them to carry out their duties without giving up their present employment. The consequence is that our island is governed by business and financial interests, with a few of independent means.

We have proposed reforms which we believe to be urgently needed, without response, so now we try to turn on the searchlight hoping someone, somewhere will take notice.

W. J. BALSHAW
Chairman of the
Guernsey Labour Group

Lower Pollet
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International English

Sir, C. K. Ogden, who invented the system of Basic English, unhelped by I. A. Richards or anyone else, knew much more about Dr Zamenhof's Esperanto than H. S. Chapman (Letters NS 27 May) appears to know about Basic English. In his *Basic English versus the Artificial Languages* Ogden laid Esperanto bare and dissected it. Here is an example (p. 70):

> The notion that Esperanto words are unambiguous for the learner in any particular language is indeed a curious illusion. Take, for example, the word translated in the Esperanto *Key* as 'to be well or unwell'. This is the good old Esperanto root, *fart*, necessarily one of the commonest words in the language since it covers all uses of 'do', 'genen', 'se porter', which are concerned with faring, greeting, and healthy or unhealthy deportment in general. As the verbal equivalent of the idiomatic 'se porter', it might be 'alright' ('bonafarta'), but what is to prevent the English writer who follows the *Key* from using 'mi fartas' to mean 'I am unwell'? Nothing but an elaborate study of the larger Esperanto dictionaries, for manipulation of which considerable linguistic acumen is a first essential.

Mr Chapman's insinuation that Basic English, unlike Esperanto, is 'just for an elite' is wide of the mark. Basic English is an attempt to give to everyone a second, or international, language which will take as little of the learner's time as possible. In it everything may be said for all the purposes of everyday existence. To the eye and ear it will not seem in any way different from normal English which is now the language of some 700 million persons. It is an English in which 850 words do all the work of 20,000. As an international second (or auxiliary) language there is none to come near it.

MARK HAYMON

The Athenaeum
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Sir, Your correspondent H. S. Chapman thinks that Esperanto has a hope of becoming truly international. I don't; but it takes all sorts . . .

I do protest, however, against his describing English as 'tied up with Anglo-American culture'. It is a type-example of a smear, sinister suggestion by obscurity. (What, for a start, is Anglo-American culture?) English is the predominant means by which world transport and trade, science, technology, and diplomacy are able to function. In no other language is there available so wide a range of the world's literary, philosophical, and religious heritage. It is the, or an, official language in several independent Asian and African countries. Who shall say what it is not 'tied up with'? Moreover, in virtually every country where it is not the mother tongue many wish to learn it, most often perhaps with a view to benefiting economically.

For all that, I believe that too much teaching of English is being attempted in some places. Encouraged by the British Council and its US counterpart, many countries in the Third World at least are devoting more time and money to this attempt than they can well afford. It is a commonplace that language-teaching in schools is seldom very effective, and on a considerable proportion of the 'taught' is completely wasted. By limiting the *general* teaching of English in schools overseas to Basic, the international-language problem would be much nearer solution, and the Basic-only pupils would have more time for other things.

F. J. DANIELS

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Jaguars - Marks I and II

Sir, In his review of *Gaudete*, Peter Conrad (NS 27 May) concentrates one third of his immensely long argument on Jaguars, basing it on the assumption that my poem 'Second Glance at a Jaguar', published in 1967, was written somewhat later than my poem 'Jaguar', published in 1957, and that 'a white Jaguar sports' in 1977 is somehow in direct line of descent from them. In fact, 'Second Glance at a Jaguar' was written in 1953, and 'Jaguar', in 1955/6.

No doubt 'a white Jaguar sports' predates both, but I disclaim all responsibility for that.

TED HUGHES

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Press Chairman Rebuked

Sir, Nothing can so undermine the confidence of reasonable people in the Press Council as the pathetic letter from its chairman, Lord Shawcross (Letters 20 May). In response to reasoned criticism he resorts to schoolboy abuse (but without the wit). I only hope this is not the method of his council.

MICHÈLE JAFFÉ

6 Phillimore Terrace
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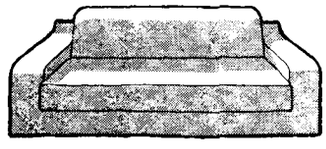

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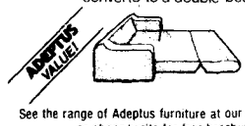

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Julian Barnes

Jubilee Mugshots

To my right, coffee in a Charles III coronation mug (Private Eye Productions, 1966, 15/-); on my lapel a raucous anti-Jubilee button (Socialist Worker 20p); but ahead, an almost vacant book-trough. Willie Hamilton's *My Queen and I* (Quartet 90p); Kingsley Martin's *The Crown and the Establishment* (out of print); scraps of Muggeridge teasing; and a yellowing copy of the *National and English Review* (August 1957) with John Grigg's mild and 'wholeheartedly monarchist' strictures. Can this really be all, I wonder, as the jolly jubiliana rises around me into an ever-higher palisade? Twenty-five years, and nothing more to show for it? Republicanism (always a delicate growth, withering at a sickly cough from Bertie) seems to have quite disappeared, shrunk to a graffito outside Finsbury Park underground station which proclaims amusingly, yet somehow supportively, STUFF CORGIS. Triumphantly, the monarchy remains unexamined and uncontroversial. Pusillanimity and boredom on the part of the intelligentsia have been important; also, the sex of the monarch, the Palace's handling of the media, and a certain sense of embarrassment (who could look into it all? a *Royal* Commission?).

Here and there, however, spirited and sceptical questioning survives:

> I hate the Queen because she is a Snob who always goes around doing important things without a smile on her face. She does not even give money to the poor and that is sheer measliness. She also talks like a cat. She always goes to meetings and always buts in on other peoples Conversations. She also dresses up in clothes and goes to *Balls* all the time.

The contempt of Steven Quirke of William Penn School in *The Queen* (Allen Lane £3.95 and 75p) is surely indicative of a force which, as the Royals would say, the nation can harness. Other schoolboy contributions to this anthology, alas, are more unwholesome:

> What I would do if the queen come to see me is I would do all the washing up, wash the kitchen floor sweep all the carpets wash all the paint work down I washed the windows and all the paintwork outside. I put some money in the meater so the lights would not go off half way frow the dinner . . .

At Jubilee time, it's not surprising to find most royal historians swabbing away with Windolene and Flash. There are even a few dotty extremists around like Peregrine Worsthorne, who has cleaned the gutters, knitted the bunting, scrubbed the lav and painted the grass. For him, everything must be spotless to receive the symbol of an institution which is itself spotless. For him, the Queen is not just popular, but *democratic* and *egalitarian* (his bizarre argument for her egalitarianism is that in her presence 'all classes – the Duke quite as much as the dustman – are equally compelled to bow their head and bend their knee').

From Robert Lacey's Jackdaw (*Elizabeth II*, Cape £1.50) upwards, Jubilee prose is dull and deferential. The standard line on the reign so far (much peddled in Lacey's earlier *Majesty*) is how the Royal Family has adapted to modern times, has become loved and secure by becoming *ordinary*. Worsthorne (in the Penguin anthology) predictably takes this argument to a loopy extreme: thus Charles is 'endowed with ordinary qualities at a time when ordinary qualities are as rare as gold and as beautiful as works of art' (hang on – that ought to make him extraordinary, oughtn't it?). The other observable common characteristic of these celebratory books is the operation of Philip's Law. This states that the nearer the writer actually gets to the Palace and the honour of a personal interview with the Duke of Edinburgh, the more neutered becomes his text. Daniel Counihan in *Royal Progress* (Cassell £5.95) thanks HRH for 'much valuable information and many insights', and that is the end of him. Philip, Charles and Anne have all hewn their initials in the Punch table; *Punch and the Monarchy* (Hutchinson £4.95) tamely opts for 'fun rather than destructive satire'. Philip Howard in *The British Monarchy* (Hamish Hamilton £7.50) at least perceives that the institution is hierarchical and elitist (Voltairean scepticism in the present context); but even he ends up with the quietist view that 'the main justification for it is that it is there, that it has been there for a thousand years'.

Jubilee prose, for all its occasional spurts of Poldarkery – 'she went into the war with her heart in one hand and a revolver in the other' (David Duff on *Elizabeth of Glamis*, Magnum £1.25) – rarely accounts for the protective rage and the strange suspension of reasoning power which the Royals continue to evoke. Though by Howard's reckoning two-thirds of all English monarchs have been 'blackguards, egomaniacs, idiots and generally the most unadmirable specimens of the human race', still only one person in three, according to an *Observer* survey, thinks the Queen should not have any political power. Comprehension of such illogic is partly aided by studying the uniformly gripping range of Jubilee picture books. The power of the icon is largely undiminished; the suburban faces still arouse atavistic responses; the Royals still work their gross and unconstitutional interference with the private functioning of the retina. In photos, films, and the flesh you see not what you should see, and still less what you want to. I remember watching the Queen Mother bowling down a line of Worsthorne's egalitarian knee-benders, and however much I looked for a tubby Giles grandmother, I actually saw a graceful effigy on castors; and not those squeaky castors which only work in a couple of directions, but the posh, globular, smooth-gliding variety.

One of the pleasures of Richard Ormond's *The Face of Monarchy* (Phaidon £9.95) is in showing how technical advances in the creation of the royal icon have nonetheless left its function and strength untouched. Formal portraits give way to formal photos (with Beaton, the supreme pasticheur, an ideal choice to preside over the transition); but, loyally, photography proves the equal of painting in its ability to flatter and deceive (study Norman Parkinson's fashion-plates of Princess Anne if you have any doubts about that). Despite technical advances which encourage *vérité*, even the most 'candid' of shots (like the one of the Queen laughing at the Duke having an attack of palsy – always carefully captioned something like 'Philip explains the rigours of driving four-in-hand') remains calculated and false. In part, this is the result of the press's incurable taste for cliché: as Tom Hopkinson sharply insists in *Happy and Glorious* (Angus & Robertson £4.80), however 'unposed' the photo, 'the Queen must always be charming; Prince Philip humorously incisive; and Prince Charles always a buoyant extrovert'. But also, from the time Victoria scratched her sulky face from W. E. Kilburn's daguerreotype in 1852, the Palace has exercised discreet but firm control over its photographic image. Withdrawal of press accreditation from over-zealous photographers is a powerful weapon; the blacking of Bellisario – achieved by a persuasive circular from the Palace to the appropriate magazine editors – has been a complete success, and none of his photographs besmirches any of these books.

Of course, the Palace is wise to use its influence. Even an approved and sympathetic icon like Lichfield's Silver Wedding group (widely reproduced) hints at the potential of really mean lenswork. In it, for some reason, the family of the other royal photographer comes out particularly badly. The wide-angle lens does cruel and republican things to Princess Margaret's bosom; Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones's gap-toothed look is given front-row prominence; and Snowdon himself comes out looking like a shifty *arriviste* who isn't using Amplex.

But the best Jubilee book by far is one which both illustrates the icon and explains how a vital part of it is fabricated. *The Queen's Clothes* by Anne Edwards and 'Robb' (Elm Tree Books £5.95) is, doubtless unthinkingly, an intensely revealing book, one to be laid honourably next to your copy of Willie Hamilton. For a start it names the true powers behind the throne: Norman Hartnell, Hardy Amies and Ian Thomas (dresses), Edward Rayne (shoes), Simone Mirman, Freddie Fox and Valerie (millinery), S. Lock Ltd (jewelled embroidery) and, not least, Margaret Macdonald (Queen's Dresser). It gives the true, sartorial history behind the outwardly unexciting last 25 years, including the Great Silkworm Crisis of 1947: was the Queen's wedding-

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dress made by enemy silkworms, from Italy or Japan? (Relax – the worms proved to be Nationalist Chinese.) It even offers the only published photo of the Queen (as a 13-year-old) in a swimsuit. Very nice too, though one suspects that the girl swimmers around her were picked for their slope-shoulders, androgynity, and sodden Kleenex padding.

But the authors' purpose, and their success, is to explain 'the magnificence and the significance of the Queen's clothes'. We are told that the Queen 'would never countenance an expense which would make her seem indifferent to the economic situation of her country', while on every page we are urged to boggle applaudingly at huge expenditure, at the 30 new dresses made for a five-day trip to Japan, at the six tons of baggage she took to Mexico ('even this does not equal the weight of luggage carried around by the Duke of Wellington in his campaign'). We are told that the Queen has never been very interested in clothes, while learning of the unbelievable research, background thinking and logistics that go into her every public appearance. She is caparisoned and stage-managed for the cameras of today as carefully, expensively, deceptively and successfully as was Elizabeth I for the brush of Hilliard or Gower. The pomp both feeds off and produces attitudes of total unreality. 'I cannot wear dark colours,' the Queen apparently tells her dressmakers: 'it makes me one of the crowd' ('Who's that woman in the coach with the whatsit on her head next to the bloke with the gongs?' 'I think she's just one of the crowd'). I cannot see how this book can fail to bring down the monarchy; it is a work of agreeable treachery.

A. J. P. Taylor

The Uncrowned King

Charles Stewart Parnell by F. S. L. LYONS *Collins* £8.50

The English Face of Irish Nationalism: Parnellite Involvement in British Politics, 1880-86 by ALAN O'DAY *Dublin: Gill and Macmillan* £7

Charles Stewart Parnell is one of the most interesting characters in modern history. He is interesting politically. More than any other man he gave Ireland the sense of being an independent nation. As Gladstone said, he did for Home Rule what Cobden had done for Free Trade: 'he set the argument on its feet.' Parnell is also interesting personally: a Protestant landowner who became the most powerful leader Ireland has known and a successful statesman who threw everything away for the love of a woman. There can never be too many books about him.

Leland Lyons, now Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, tells Parnell's story with incomparable scholarship and literary grace. This is a classic biography which will be read as long as anyone cares about Irish history or for that matter about history at all. It is a biography in the strict sense. Parnell always occupies the centre of the stage and even the greatest figures such as Gladstone never steal the limelight from him. The decisive events are treated only in so far as they concern Parnell. Thus in 1886, when he had almost carried Home Rule to victory, his hopes were ruined by Chamberlain's revolt and the defeat of the Home Rule Bill in the House of Commons. Lyons passes over the debates with hardly any mention. Again the Special Commission of 1889 which restored Parnell's fame yields little drama. Of course we get Pigott and his 'hesitency' – 'with a small h, Mr Pigott, a small h'. But essentially all that matters to Lyons is that Parnell won.

More remarkable still, though Lyons shows how Parnell built up his mastery over the Irish Nationalist party, he does not discuss the character of that party in any detail. This is where O'Day comes in. Lyons's book is about Parnell without the Parnellites; O'Day's is about the Parnellites without Parnell. O'Day is analytical where Lyons is biographical, and by this approach he lays his finger on one decisive weakness in Parnell's position. Parnell wanted the Irish party to be strictly independent, manoeuvring between the British parties without committing itself to either of them. But most of the Parnellites had little to distinguish them from British Liberals. They had the same Liberal outlook. The most prominent of them lived in England and followed careers there in journalism or at the bar. Even in the days of their parliamentary obstruction they served loyally on parliamentary committees. They were members of London clubs, one of them even a member of the Savile, which was alleged to be almost as good as being a member of the Athenaeum. How could such men wage a political war for Irish independence? As O'Day rightly remarks, the Home Rule Bill would merely have transferred some power from the British ruling class to the moderate representatives of the Catholic Irish nation. The son of a once-famous Home Ruler said to me: 'We would have run Ireland for you if you had let us.'

The truth is that the Irish MPs were always threatening to bolt, and the O'Shea divorce case gave them their opportunity. Until then they were whipped into line by Parnell's will. All of them trembled before him. Parnell could be a delightful dinner companion, gentle, amusing and sympathetic. But at the first hint of opposition his 'Red Indian' eyes flashed fire. Parnell had virtually no experience of politics before he began his abrupt rise to the top. He was unshakably convinced that he was a man born to rule. He had one particular asset which is often unnoticed. He was an Englishman in background and upbringing with all the arrogance of an imperial race. All Irishmen are in the last resort soft. Parnell's will made them seem hard. He took his ascendancy for granted. He kept aloof from his followers and in his later years hardly attended the House of Commons. Lyons thinks he had lost interest. Surely it was rather that, like Napoleon, he had become too confident of his despotic power, particularly of course when he took up with Katherine O'Shea.

Parnell had other gifts beyond mere willpower. Though not a great orator in the 19th-century style, he captivated mass audiences by his uncompromising determination and the impression he gave of extremism. Behind the scenes he was a negotiator of the first rank who knew how to take every advantage. He was a match even for Gladstone, the most ingenious negotiator of the age. He was more than a match for the Irish Nationalists who turned against him. No man ever 'bested' Parnell. It was circumstances that brought him down.

Conor Cruise O'Brien argued some 20 years ago that Parnell's aims were essentially constitutional and the argument has been generally accepted. Ireland should receive Dominion status and would then cooperate with Great Britain as an equal. Certainly Parnell tamed the men of violence as firmly as he dominated the parliamentarians. Certainly he rejected the idea of a revolutionary war on the practical grounds that Ireland was not big enough to run away in – an argument where Sinn Fein was to prove him wrong. But his rejection of extremism and violence was one of expediency. His aim was an uncompromising independence, not a legislative adjustment of Irish administration. 'No man can set bounds to the march of a nation.' This was Parnell's basic principle.

Parnell was ingenious but in some ways

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he was outwitted by British politicians, especially by Gladstone. Parnell rose high with the backing of Irish agrarian discontent. Gladstone quieted the discontent by his Land Act of 1881. Again Parnell secured a commanding position in Parliament by bargaining with both Liberals and Conservatives over Home Rule. Gladstone took the Home Rulers prisoner when he produced his own Home Rule Bill. Parnell still tried to keep free and maybe even welcomed the O'Shea divorce case for this reason. The other Home Rulers never escaped. They were shackled to the Liberal Party for the rest of their existence.

Parnell's relations with Katherine O'Shea were to cause his downfall. The story is still full of mysteries and always will be. We know why Parnell allowed the affair to drift on unacknowledged; he and Katherine O'Shea were waiting for the money she would inherit when her rich aunt died. For the same reason O'Shea made no fuss. But there is much more that needs explanation. Why did Parnell remain friendly with O'Shea when he was already Katherine O'Shea's lover? Even stranger, why did O'Shea remain friendly with him? The friendship was not merely personal. O'Shea was Parnell's political adviser and his intermediary with Gladstone and Chamberlain. Parnell must surely have known that O'Shea was an unreliable negotiator, evading the decisive issues and promising more than he could perform. Why did Parnell use him in this way? And why did Gladstone and Chamberlain, shrewd men and experienced politicians, accept O'Shea at his face value? Surely they could see that he was a light-hearted, garrulous rogue. Perhaps there was more to O'Shea than comes out in the accounts. O'Shea himself aspired to become Irish Secretary. Was this pure fantasy? Or did others take him seriously? The answers are beyond conjecture.

Lyons makes somewhat heavy weather over Parnell's love affair, producing psychological explanations that Parnell wanted a home and domesticity. In fact when a man is in love, he is in love and that is all there is to it. Parnell, in his usual arrogant way, was careless over the practical side of the affair. He seems to have thought that he could justify his position, if challenged, by proving that O'Shea had condoned the affair. Apparently it never crossed his mind until too late that such proof, though certainly forthcoming, would bar the way to a divorce and to what he wanted: Katherine O'Shea as his legitimate wife and their children acknowledged as his. His last stroke of ingenuity was to assert that Gladstone was seeking to dictate who should lead the Irish party. Even Parnell's most devoted followers could hardly have believed this but it inspired his last and most romantic fight. Though Parnell did not achieve Home Rule he made Ireland a nation. He was the uncrowned king of Ireland. He was also Katherine O'Shea's King and she was his Queenie. He did not found a dynasty. His only grandson became an officer in the British army and died in India of enteric fever in 1934. As Leland Lyons concludes: 'The line of direct descent from Parnell therefore ends in a cemetery at Lahore.'

Paul Addison

Big Fish

Roosevelt and Churchill 1939-1941: The Partnership that Saved the West by JOSEPH P. LASH *Deutsch* £6.95

Churchill in America 1895-1961: An Affectionate Portrait by ROBERT H. PILPEL *New English Library* £6

For all concerned the outbreak of war in 1939 meant a departure for some unknowable destination. Admittedly, the leaders of the belligerent countries affected to know where they were going, and even how they would get there. Hitler calculated that enemies who stood in his way could be dealt with one by one in a series of blitzkriegs. The British and the French imagined that through a combination of blockade, propaganda and dressing up to look like warriors armed to the teeth they would persuade the Germans to give up before it was too late. These assumptions were almost on a level with the ideas of Sir Joseph Mainwaring, the fictional booby who holds forth on the likely course of events in *Put Out More Flags*:

> There is one thing of which I am certain. Russia will come in against us before the end of the year. That will put Italy and Japan on our side. Then it is simply a question of time before our blockade makes itself felt.

It is a well-known truism that at any given moment the future always seems inscrutable, while the past as it recedes acquires an air of inevitability. There are unkind critics who say that inevitability is just a trick which historians perform with mirrors, for historians are always ready after some great upheaval to explain that it was moulded by profound causes long in the making. But when every allowance has been made for Cleopatra's nose and other contingencies, it is still true that no great and lasting change can happen by accident. Nor does it usually happen by conscious design. It requires the genius of a Marx or the talent of an H. G. Wells to detect the deeper currents which are gathering in the present; only later on do they break the surface and make themselves obvious. Political leaders who can see very far into the depths are extremely rare, and it is intriguing to reflect whether either Churchill or Roosevelt should be included among them. Did they simply stumble upon the destinies of their own countries, or did they sense in advance the consequences of the war?

In September 1939 Roosevelt initiated a correspondence with Churchill, who was then First Lord of the Admiralty. After Churchill became PM in May 1940 the relationship gradually matured into a fairly open conspiracy against Hitler, although in theory the US remained neutral until Pearl Harbor. In the past, historians have tended to view the story from one side or the other. Joseph Lash, however, has gutted the archives of both Washington and London, and reconstructed the growing relationship in such detail that his readers will feel like spectators on the centre court at Wimbledon, turning their heads with every stroke, and gripped by the intricacies of the play. He has written a distinguished and accomplished book, without great revelations, but with great mastery of narrative and the human subtleties within it.

Lash presents the two men not as the sole progenitors of policy, but more credibly as the biggest frogs in their respective ponds of advisers. The common vision which drew them together in the first place was an understanding of sea power which they shared as old navy hands from the first world war. If Britain went down in defeat there was a strong risk that the Nazis would obtain control of the Atlantic and threaten American independence. There the consensus seemed to stop, for while Churchill passionately wanted the US to enter the war, Roosevelt believed for some time that he could avoid sending American soldiers overseas, and fight vicariously by providing Britain with munitions and naval cooperation. Above all, Roosevelt took into account the danger of an isolationist backlash in the US, and it was only towards the end of 1941 that he felt strong enough in Congress and the Gallup Polls to provoke a showdown with the German navy. In the event, Hitler got him off the hook by declaring war first.

On the face of things Churchill was the far-sighted leader with a long-term sense of direction. He seemed to feel in his bones that the US must eventually come in, while Roosevelt drifted along keeping his options open. But Lash's book suggests that it was Roosevelt who really knew what he was doing, though the argument is not worked hard enough. For Churchill, the last-ditch defender of an aging Empire, the war was an end in itself – the natural outlook of someone who wanted to preserve the status quo. He did not grasp that the war would itself speed the dissolution of the Empire, still less that the United States would be one of the main disintegrating factors. Roosevelt, who looked immobile for so much of the time, was in fact moving with the slow certainty of the hour hand around a clock face. He knew that the United States was once again becoming an expansionist power with global ambitions. A civilising mission was at hand, and the precise means for achieving it could be left to the operations of sublime opportunism. Gabriel Kolko has argued that by 1940 the US already had well-defined goals for the expansion of trade and investment at the expense of the sterling area and other protected markets. If Roosevelt did not talk explicitly of economic drives, they were implicit in the rhetoric of the Four Freedoms and the Atlantic Charter, and Lash has underplayed them.

After the war Churchill was deeply depressed by the decline of British strength, and his visits to Washington as Prime Minister in the early Fifties were sad affairs. Still greeted with bucketfuls of sentiment, he was now merely the most prestigious scrounger at the great American feast. As one Congressional leader put it: 'I was charmed, but not where my pocket-book is.' Nevertheless Churchill enjoyed one emotional consolation. Britain was going down,

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but through his mother he could feel that he was truly what John F. Kennedy was to make him, an honorary citizen of the new Rome.

Churchill's ideas about the relations between Britain and the United States would be interesting to explore and it is a pity that Robert H. Pilpel fluffed the chance in his *Churchill in America*. Churchill visited the US 15 times between 1895 and 1961, and Pilpel has busily retraced his footsteps. He writes with plenty of zip, throws out some bright ideas, and is fun to read. But as he candidly reveals he is high on the incense of Winston, a starstruck fan of the great Churchillian roadshow. Historical comments are mingled with the kind of bizarre excitement with which a Beatles addict might seek out the first bar in Hamburg where John Lennon ever set foot. It comes almost as a shock to realise that for sections of American society Churchill is much more of a hero than he ever was in Britain. In 1929 Churchill went deep-sea fishing off the estate of William Randolph Hearst and caught a 188-pound marlin. I would not be surprised to learn that Mr Pilpel has this beast stuffed and mounted in a glass case at home.

Bruce Page

Grab Street

Slip-Up by ANTHONY DELANO *Deutsch* £4.50

Anthony Delano, a reporter of much experience, has written the most useful, intellectually coherent and – yes – serious action-study of the British Press that anyone has given us for years. He has, however, taken care to make it hysterically funny. *Slip-Up* is an account of Fleet Street's attempt – with the participation of Slipper of the Yard – to recapture the Great Train Robber, Ronnie Biggs. He remains notoriously, bumptiously at liberty: thus a small-time London crook, fortuitously elevated to Moriarty-level, maintains his status as one of the 'heraldic beasts' (Delano's definition) of the media culture, while his colleagues who got prosaically captured moulder quietly in jail or stumble about in the twilight of parole. To all Fleet Street's finest creations, the breath of reality is terminal.

Delano's account is aptly timed: as the dust falls back around the crater made by the Great British Leyland Disaster, it's valuable both for Fleet Street and its critics to have a beautifully articulated case-study of the Code of the Street in action. It's necessary to add that the *Daily Express*, which initiated the hunt for Biggs, did not on that occasion generate anything comparable to the *Mail*'s heroic blunder over Leyland. But one of the things *Slip-Up* will clarify for the lay reader is the affinity between most of Fleet Street's major imbroglios – notably, between the Leyland affair and the attempts of the *Express*, under an earlier editorial regime, to put the finger on Martin Bormann.

Going back a little further, you can find similarities in the hilarious business in which Times Newspapers paid a six-figure sum for some 'diaries' supposedly composed by Benito Mussolini, but actually the work of a pair of little old lady forgers. Lay folk tend to picture Fleet Street as populated by rugged cynics. And, individually, not many of its reporters would fall for a gold-brick salesman. Why, then, the collective gullibility?

It's like asking how stockbrokers, hard-cases most of them, manage to persuade themselves *as a market* to welcome each new season's plan to import great jackasses from Spain. The answer is – they find that, with the system arranged as it is, it doesn't pay not to be gullible. (They acknowledge, of course, that every now and then the game will go too far, and some poor soul will be left white-faced and trembling amid the wreckage.)

One must start with Delano's crisp note:

> The press is not 'free' in Britain in the sense that it is thought to be in the United States or Italy or Sweden or Israel. Wild, maybe. Libertine, certainly. Free, no. Perils abound.

Fleet Street as a whole never gets much practice in wrestling with the lumpy, recalcitrant stuff of reality. In this country, there isn't a business in it. Simply, the British legal, political and social system blocks off the Press from whole areas of practice which are bread-and-butter to the media of the other democracies. 'Respectable' opinion affects distaste for the absurdities of the Street. But the truth is that the people who control Britain prefer the press to be barmy, and therefore negligible.

Occasionally, this most official of secrets peeps out. Margaret Gowing's great history of the British atomic energy project – or cock-up – shows that a reader of the American press would always have known more about British nuclear affairs than could be gleaned from the papers here. It also reveals that British official opinion was delighted that Fleet Street never got past the stage of golf-balls that could explode the world, or cubes of uranium that might fly the *Titanic* to Alpha Centauri.

Deprived of its proper work, the national press naturally becomes a branch of the entertainment industry – rather a sad, down-at-heel one these days, due to television's ascendancy. And, straw being absent, you get a cultural predominance of people whose skill consists in making bricks without it: that is, sub-editors, 'technicians' and production-men. Reporters are, statistically, a minority of Fleet Street's population. In terms of status and power, they are virtually invisible.

Slip-Up is a glitteringly coherent account of reporters doing their real job as it presently exists. This is not to *discover* anything about reality, but to adjust, cajole, stage-manage, coach and if necessary bribe some pre-selected segment of real life, along with its inhabitants, to accommodate itself inside one of the mobile templates that define a Good Story in Fleet Street terms. The trick is to do it without too many hot-spots – libel actions, authoritative denials, etc. – occurring.

This is not work for fools, or even, beyond a certain stage, for rogues. Rather like espionage, it turns out that mere crooks aren't much good at it. It requires something that Conrad called 'ability in the abstract': what he had in mind was working for a waterfront ship-chandler in Singapore, keeping a crew of half-crazy Malay boatmen more or less in line, and regularly persuading iron-faced Scottish sailing-skippers to give your boss most of their custom despite the most brutal competition.

It's noticeable, however, that fewer and fewer people of the requisite ability are ready to play this desperate, if fascinating game. (I think the *Mail*'s disaster traces back to the fact that two of its most skilful operatives quit not long ago.) Perhaps, like Lord Jim, they've started to wonder why they should expend all this energy. And, like him, they don't find any convincing answer.

Maurice Richardson

Bad For You

An Humbler Heaven by WILLIAM REES-MOGG *Hamish Hamilton* £3.50

If the editor of the *Daily Mail* had written this little confession of faith I wouldn't worry so much. Coming from the Thunderer himself it makes me feel the End is even nearer than I thought. For it is well known to us paranoiacs that, when Satan's plot to wreck Albion matures, he interferes (some say electrically; others, via Bernard Levin) with the thought-waves of the editor of *The Times* and tries to drive him off his rocker.

Seriously, though, it's a bit much. Suffering as I do from acute *timor mortis* with nihilist complications, I have great sympathy for the religious, far more than they ever show me. I take frequent nips of mysticism and have been caught fortifying myself with Engels and Haldane on Eternal Recurrence. But there are limits. For instance: 'If there is no hell what happens to evil souls? If there is no hell, then the church has been in error and so has the New Testament.' It isn't as if he were a convert, still in shock like Longford; he was brought up a Roman Catholic. I wonder what they'd say to such fundamentalism at Farm Street? Probably tell him: 'Not to worry, my son. Hell is just around the corner with Thatcher as Prime Minister.'

He starts with a harmless fragment of autobiography plus an interesting account

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of psychic incidents after his father's death. Soon he's sniping away at materialism, which for him means mechanism. He dotes upon miracles. His slogan is: keep it dark.

> Many miraculous events are better attested than the normal run of historical events of their period . . . Mystery is the reality, and not the little invasion science has made into mystery's vast territories.

He can quote quite aptly from Jeremy Taylor, Hooker, Bentley, Bishop Berkeley; but he becomes the school chaplain at the drop of a hat:

> A God who rises from the dead on the third day in order to cook picnics and make jokes is a God in whose eternal power a poor mortal can be glad to be placed.

There is a lot about Johannine Christianity, and Love; but it's mostly Love of God. There's not so much about loving your neighbour, though it's useful to be reminded that 'the executive who bullies his secretary can cause more pain that he would dream of'. And there's nothing at all about the egalitarian, socialist or revolutionary aspects of Christianity; so don't bother to take your scourge to the City. Trivial earthly problems, like the continuance of the species, can presumably all be taken care of upstairs. But divorce is definitely bad for you.

Is there any ulterior motive? I don't suppose so for a moment; no conscious one, anyway. But there is a distinct affinity with the current repressive neo-Victorian trend. It shows up in the middle of the book and is quite different in tone to the rest:

> Religion penetrated the soil of Victorian England like rain beating on the ground . . . The nation was a self-disciplining body because of shared beliefs, and the basis of these beliefs was religious . . . The loose woman and the ne'er-do-well man were despised probably in all levels of society . . . Authority was accepted; the authority of the Queen and the constitution; the authority of the employer and those he appointed as managers . . .

There are several pages of this, a little Jubilee Juggins's manifesto all on its own. Rather ominous, though, surely. Or am I being paranoid again?

Ronald Blythe

The Beaten Men

The Deferential Worker by HOWARD NEWBY
Allen Lane £9

It was intrepid, to say the least, for Howard Newby, a young sociologist at Essex University, to pursue something so complex, hag-ridden and ultimately inexplicable as the master-man ethos on the average Suffolk farm. He has done so with energy and all the big guns of his particular academic discipline, but it is what he uncovers and explodes en route to his conclusion, rather than the conclusion itself, which impresses most. Deference, says the dictionary, is a submission to the acknowledged superior claims, skill, judgment, etc., of another and a courteous regard. After interviewing 71 farmers and 233 farm workers in 44 villages in East Suffolk, Mr Newby analyses this ancient form of social convenience – for some – and describes with all the socio-economic skills at his command, which are considerable, how notions connected with the generally defunct doctrine of subordination still permeate the farmyard, causing agriculture to retain employment patterns quite unlike those of any other great modern industry. These attitudes have until only recently come into question by a few, mainly young, farming people, though the majority, as Mr Newby found out, reverted to an almost biblical explanation of their roles.

His first task was to find the farmers and their men. Although East Anglia has more farm workers than anywhere else in Britain, due to arable husbandry on such a large scale, they were scarce on the ground and as shy as birds. Eventually he explained his presence by saying that he was 'doing a survey', and under cover of this was able to move in for the real questioning. He also shared a tied cottage with a worker and his family for six months. All this in 1972, since when much has changed and, being Suffolk, much has proved intractable to change; a good step-up in wages, a massive increase in profits, EEC or not. And it is this immutability, this shadow of the old servitude, which perplexes him and provides his thesis and its arresting title.

Accepting that deference is 'the necessary pose of the powerless' and that any pose if sustained for long enough ceases to be a mere protective front and enters the deeper reaches of the personality, what then? How does one dig this deference out of the body apolitical (or practically so) and make it conscious of its true worth, rights, potential, etc.? Newby goes all through the historic vicissitudes and local conventions which may have created the pose in the first place and kept it in position even when Sabre jets from the Nato aerodrome and the last word in sprays sweep over the corn. He describes the terrible agricultural depression which began in the early 1870s and corroded village fulfilment well into the memories of the over-forties. Read of its effect in East Anglia in Rider Haggard's *Rural England* and Mary Mann's *The Fields of Dulditch*, both published at the turn of the century. Newby also examines the hatred and disillusionment with farming known as 'the flight from the land' and the plight of those who stayed put. It is the children and grandchildren of these land-caught labourers, referred to up until quite recently as 'the beaten men', who are the subject of this book. Two waves of evangelical unionism, one under Joseph Arch and the other under George Edwards, launched 'the revolt of the field' and the strike of 1923. Subsequent calls for direct action to improve wages and conditions right up until the present have received scant support from Suffolk members of the NUAAW, and Newby seems torn between despair and fascination as he gathers up individual responses. Light years seem to stretch between the mind which asks the questions and the instincts which produce the answers. What is more, he finds that farm worker and farmer will frequently present a common front against anti-traditionalism.

Newby found, of course, that the agricultural worker and his employer alike are steeped in rural retrospect, and that both tend to idealise a past in which each has been injured in their different ways – the poor especially, for they, as Raymond Williams wrote in a memorable passage,

> were without a connecting voice to make clear the recognition which was their daily experience. Thus a human instinct was separarated from society; it became a sympathy and a pity, *after* the decisive social events. The real ruling class could not be put in question, as they were seen as temporarily absent, or as the good old people succeeded by the bad new people – themselves succeeding themselves. We have heard this sad song for many centuries now; a seductive song, turning protest into retrospect until we die of time.

Newby listened to a lot about the good old days and the unviolated 'organic' village with its natural rhythms and customs, all gone now due to middle-class commuters and the like, and their *urbs in rure* ways, neither farmer nor farm worker comprehending

> that the appearance in the village of a large non-agricultural population has been due in no small part to changes within agriculture itself, notably the diminution in the demand for labour that has resulted from mechanisation and the consequent outflow of the rural population in search of employment in the towns . . . Today many farmers share with their employees a quite sincere regret for a state of affairs that they themselves . . . have brought about.

Mention of the 'newcomers' problem, that yardstick for measuring the virtues of yesterday against the conveniences of today, reminds one that Newby re-covers a great deal of old ground. In some ways he has to, villages and farming having certain set and staple ingredients as they do. And so we hear of the expensive village stores, the ousting of the old proletarian culture by cars and television, the role of Christian Nonconformity in creating an independence of spirit (which subsequently in Suffolk turned into a dependence on the Liberal Party which lasted among many of Newby's 44 villages well into the 1950s), and, of course, the class layers. His writing is sombre and most useful where it returns to its central theme which, while frequently, if gingerly, occurring in other village studies, has never before been given such an airing. What intrigues Newby is the sight of some three to eight men, one of them likely to be quite rich, the remainder of them certain to be unusually poor, held intimately together by the isolation of the farm. Traditions and poses apart, what is their real situation? Within the formulae set out for their guidance they have tried to tell us, though in what a contrasting language to that attempting to explain them!

Since I am mentioned a number of times as an 'intuitive' describer of the Suffolk scene, Mr Newby should know that I was born into the society which he has been investigating, and that soon after the first world war, so I have seen and experienced the whole transition. That was what my book was about.

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J. G. Ballard

Closed Doors

The Hughes Papers by ELAINE DAVENPORT, PAUL EDDY and MARK HURWITZ *Deutsch* £4.95 and *Sphere* 75p

A strongly punitive note sounds through this investigation into Howard Hughes's final years, as through so many recent books and news-magazine exposés, particularly those of American origin. Clearly Hughes's sometimes bizarre though often merely eccentric behaviour during the last 20 years of his life still profoundly irritates his fellow-citizens, destroying far too many cherished fantasies. Great-grandson of a Confederate general, son of the millionaire inventor of the world's most efficient oil-drilling bit, aviation pioneer and Hollywood man-about-town who 'escorted' its greatest leading ladies, Howard Hughes bought and sold airlines and film studios, personally designed a brassiere for Jane Russell and helped to introduce that unique continent-bridging cultural institution, the in-flight movie.

How galling, then, that this embodiment of so many potent national myths should slam the door on it all at the age of 50 and opt for exile, silence and cunning, and even more so that his quest for absolute privacy should be conducted in such a tantalisingly public way. If Hughes had retired to some impregnable mock-Xanadu or an exclusive Long Island sanatorium, no one would have minded; but he doubled the offence by sealing himself into the penthouse of the Desert Inn Hotel above the one national fantasy he had so far left alone – Las Vegas.

Unlike *The Hughes Papers*, an extended compilation of Hughes's confused financial shenanigans, mild political bribery and muddled efforts to take over the whole of Nevada, the one book about Hughes which might have refurbished the myths has not yet been published – Clifford Irving's fake biography. This imaginary account of Hughes's secret life during his purported exile – the big-game hunting expeditions, meetings with Hemingway, conversations with Schweitzer, etc. – would have safely restored the hero to his pedestal. Had Hughes, who was 71 when he died, in fact died two or three years earlier, before he could have issued his denial, Irving's biography would not only have been published but its authenticity, for powerful psychological reasons, could never have been seriously challenged.

The Hughes Papers exhaustively analyses the possible involvement of the Hughes empire in political and financial corruption. But the present state of the art as revealed by Watergate and the Lockheed scandals suggests that Hughes's activities in the Fifties and Sixties amounted to little more than discreet tinkering, and would barely be of interest except for his increasingly eccentric personal behaviour. I admire Hughes, above all for the casual way in which he closed the door on the world. Lying back on a couch with the blinds drawn, popping pills and worrying about fad diets while watching the 170th re-run of *Ice Station Zebra*, reminds me in many ways of life today in the Thames Valley. Hughes may well have been more in touch with reality than one assumes.

Elaine Feinstein

Here be Monsters

The Ponsonby Post by BERNICE RUBENS *W. H. Allen* £3.95
Lovers in Exile by ROBIN MAUGHAM *W. H. Allen* £4.95
The Hearing Trumpet by LEONORA CARRINGTON *Routledge* £3.50

That great British *dinge*, which has come to settle more and more closely and cosily over these islands of late, is a truly formidable Boyg. For some time it may have seemed honourable for writers gloomily to settle for the job of chart-makers, exploring the reaches of the local effluvia, without the faintest hope of circumnavigating the monster itself. It may be that seeking out further and ever more foreign fields (that most traditional English resource) will no longer serve.

No one, however, could take on that attempt more spunkily than Miss Rubens (always a cool and witty writer), whose opening chapter sees poor honest decent Ponsonby shredded to ribbons by a Massey-Ferguson combine harvester on a fallow field in Java. Another eminently decent English couple, happily married and eager to adjust to native speech and custom, arrive to tangle with the rest of the European diplomatic community, and ultimately the mountain guerrilla opposition. The best parts of this book, though, do not concern the efforts of the well-meaning Brownlows to work seriously in the Ponsonby Post, which is intended to bridge the gap between United Nations intentions and actual Third World events. Miss Rubens is at her wicked best in handling the eccentric German contingent, particularly Hermann von Henkel, who was imprisoned by the Russians in Siberia and has since dedicated his life to pleasuring his poor body. When he discovers his wife is actually planning to desert him for a Russian officer, his vengeance takes the form of a bizarre regime of domestic tortures which have the ring of genuine insanity. The same cannot be said for the maudlin trio of homosexual relationships which pin together the murders, attempted murders and possible kidnappings that give a structure of suspense to the book.

Robin Maugham has not taken the characters of his four novellas anything like such a distance from home (we are essentially in tourist territory), and none of them has any illusions, for long, about leaving their Englishness behind them. The stories are highly successful, in an entirely traditional way. Each piece is a sequence of surprises, carefully timed to explode our assessment of any situation at the precise point we are ready to form one. Probably the best story concerns a barrister who has the misfortune to begin a love affair with a girl who is decisively under the age of consent. Mr Maugham leads us skilfully through a succession of doubts about the girl, until the point when the barrister is forced to choose between giving her up or leaving the country. I was moved by all the stories, even though their intention was so wholly the exposure of human hope.

However, the book I read with most exhilaration was Miss Carrington's *Hearing Trumpet*, though I admit I also found it mad, flawed, and only occasionally touching down in a world I could recognise. Since Miss Carrington was born in 1917, one could say that she has some of the poetic verve and plausibility of early Muriel Spark without the risk of making her sound derivative. The book is built on the conversations Marian Leatherby, age 92, holds with her bitchy son and daughter, the sinister staff of her old-people's home, and a surprisingly loyal friend, who plots implausible rescue schemes. The nursing home is run on severely religious grounds, very carefully tethered to what fleshly vices can remain among the old. The novel struck me as a surreal masterpiece, a way of by-passing the dreary documentation of everyday tedium without sacrificing plausible human character, and by means of that imagination which has always meant something altogether more powerful than fantasy.

Thomas Blackburn

Leo

The stone lion's head upon the rockery masked with foxgloves running to seed.
Still over the mauve, magenta, flowers, all colours that can feed,
Shallow-rooted on the thin soil, rears its petrified, stone head,
Gathers up the little garden to its features stained with red
Very faintly, by bad weather to a greyness returned.
Look its gaze blank and Egyptian, a city's distances have shed,
Hinting time and space shall, like a book that has been read,
Be discarded when we grow to simpler categories instead
Of this complex chemic compound, withered and discreetly said
On the day the spirit quickens – bells and burning – and we're dead.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Benedict Nightingale

Dust and Gore

War Music and **Hamlet** *Old Vic*
Man and Superman *Malvern Festival*
The Alchemist *Other Place, Stratford*

One of the smaller but more slippery problems facing the director is how to stage battles that don't look as if the assembled thespians are simply swatting each other's deftly poised blades, like boys playing conkers; and the Prospect Theatre's paraphrase of *The Iliad* provides the most complete catalogue of solutions yet seen. Mauvish-brown men, naked to their striped jockstraps, grapple and sway together, as if rehearsing some new and peculiarly indecent style of tango. They then jam on what appear to be divers' helmets, with Jimmy-Carter teeth plastered on the front, and affect to duel with each other. Ranks of supposed enemies drill to and fro, chorusing 'upstroke, downstroke'; red and black shields warily circle one another; what look like African witchdoctors caper frantically about the stage while Patroclus and Sarpedon do a passable parody of TV wrestling; Achilles lifts Hector on to his thighs and joggles him up and down before flinging him to the floor. All this, and more, to the accompaniment of clangor from the percussion and brass, puffs of smoke from the special-effects department, and what must surely be hysteria in an overtaxed lighting box. All this, two hours of it – and I still left the theatre wondering if I'd seen a more convincing battle than the one lately mounted by the RSC: an empty stage bathed in red, with the sound of slaughter wafting in from the wings.

War Music is an odd, unfashionable, courageous and perhaps foolhardy enterprise, a case-study of conflict, not just between Greeks and Trojans, but between writer and choreographer. Christopher Logue, in command of the words, brings on a narrator, a bleary archaeologist played by Timothy West. Dragging at a fag or swigging from a beer-can, he chats to the Homeric nudes beside him and keeps us abreast of their doings. A battle, with the captains moving in and out of the lines, reminds him of 'flies drifting up a haemorrhage alive with ants', its aftermath of a place 'where some outraged God, five miles tall, has stamped on glass'. The language veers with disconcerting suddenness from the vivid to the affected, the elaborate to the plonkingly colloquial, with cries of 'bigmouth' and offhand references to Achilles's 'fleece-lined windcheater'; but it's mainly designed to be particular, immediate and precise, an invitation to our collective nostrils to flare afresh at all that ancient dust and gore. We're supposed to see something, at least in the mind's eye, when Mr [illegible] sculls, scratches, and announces that 'over the wells of Troy, mosquitoes hover', feel something when he compares a combatant's agony to chalk scratched on slate. Presumably we're also meant to acquiesce in Mr Logue's opinion of war, which would appear to be low.

But how can he achieve these aims when the choreographer, abetted by Toby Robertson's direction, is determined to put as much distance as he can between us and the warriors themselves? They spend the play in shiny white masks, which robs them of all individuality; and that, combined with their balletic cavortings, subtracts all possibility of suffering. How can a blinkered Achilles, incanting like a distraught monk and doing what seems to be a foxtrot with himself, *feel* anything – or, rather, how can we feel him feeling anything? For all Mr West's matey banter and Mr Logue's verbal filigree, we end up with factitious ritual, simulated myth, and a *romantic* attitude to fighting and killing, one that makes the Shakespeare of *Troilus and Cressida* seem awesomely modern by comparison. The hope of everyone involved was, I imagine, to plunge us into 'total theatre', an enviable aspiration: what we actually get is a spectacular folly, with some gorgeous stonework in its beetling ramparts, but scarcely more plausibility as a whole than the Tower of Babel.

Mr Robertson's production of *Hamlet* is a more sensible structure, though he's not above shifting and chopping the text or introducing the odd, unorthodox gloss on it – should Gertrude, for instance, really recognise that the cup is poisoned before drinking from it? There is nothing in Barbara Jefford's brusque, strident performance to indicate a predisposition to suicide. And should Hamlet stroke Ophelia's nose as he begins the 'to be' speech, or affectionately canoodle with her when he comes to the stuff about consummations devoutly to be wished? Of course he shouldn't – but at least the idea slots naturally enough into Derek Jacobi's performance. His Hamlet tries to embrace the ghost of his father, and gets quite spectacularly worked up over his mother, pawing at her breasts when he's not thrusting at her loins. Ophelia herself put him in a pretty pet, too, judging by the way he hurls her to the ground and slaps her round the chops for the crime of wearing lipstick. You can readily imagine him on the imperial psychiatrist's couch. Now, Mr Denmark, do you have trouble making friends with nice girls of your own age? Why is it that whenever I mentioned the word 'parent', you start mumbling about unseamed beds and nasty sties? What are we to infer from this?

Well, maybe that this is what Dr Ernest Jones once postulated, the Oedipal Hamlet. But such a diagnosis would be at once unfair and too kind to Mr Jacobi. Unfair, because this isn't a one-idea, one-hobby-horse performance, and over-kind because it lacks the necessary intensity. Jacobi's Hamlet is as nimble-witted as you could hope, skipping from thought to thought as quickly as that light, flexible voice will carry him, and leaving the intellectual plodders to blink and gape; but there's always something of the butterfly about him. Strength, size and depth of emotion somehow elude his most elaborate and conscientious efforts to achieve them: which is perhaps why I was no more moved by his death than by that of the ever-excellent Timothy West, grim and charmless though his Claudius is, as well as coarse enough to burst out laughing at Ophelia's madness. This is an unsentimental performance – you can imagine him in his executive suite today, left hand in the slush fund, the other scribbling threats of mass sackings – but not altogether an unsympathetic one. That famous lament, 'oh, my offence is rank', is especially fine: a dog-tired worrying-away at an old, incurable obsession, packed with self-mockery and self-contempt, the last testament of a man who has already evolved from despair to a deadly cynicism. I'm not sure Mr Jacobi has the internal gunpowder for Hamlet, but Mr West is primed and ready to play Macbeth.

Peter the Great, the local Trotsky, or someone at the National, has, I fear, prevented me catching up with Robert Bolt's chronicle of the Russian revolution, the first night of which saw me in the Midlands, following the prolific RSC. At Malvern, Clifford Williams has extracted the Don Juan dream-sequence from *Man and Superman*, leaving a slighter play but one more easily acted and digested, a Shavian variation on the well-made romance of yesteryear. The wittiest of the dialogue is as anti-marriage as the plot is conventionally pro; but the conclusion of both discussion and action is the same, that woman is the pursuer and man the prey, appearances notwithstanding. However, such scurrilities prove a bit hard to swallow here since the sexual huntress, Ann Whitfield, is played by Susan Hampshire, an actress who finds it easy to be melting and yielding, but lacks any hint of steel behind the ribcage. The character's essential toughness has to be taken on trust, which is a pity, since in Richard Pasco she has a marvellous Tanner to tame, all breezy garrulity and swaggering self-assurance, as amiably vain as Shaw himself: a self-portrait, you might say, with the beard shaved off but the grin intact.

It's a decent production, if unremarkable by the RSC's own standards, at their most daunting 40 miles eastwards. Jonsonian satire has, I should admit, never much appealed to me, for all its celebrated gusto. The characters may have a kind of bloated energy, impressive in its way; but they are too identified with a single sin, or 'humour' to have much life. Or so I had though before seeing Trevor Nunn's production of *The Alchemist*, which achieves necromantic marvels with the play by . . . but the sands of space are drawing all too quickly to a close, and those agog for the solution mus switch me back on next week.

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Films

John Coleman

Black Tati

Car Wash (AA) *Ritz*
Bound for Glory (A) *ABC, Shaftesbury Avenue*
Twilight's Last Gleaming (AA) *Odeon, Leicester Square*
The Prince and the Pauper (A) *Carlton*
La Cecilia (AA) *The Other Cinema*
Echoes of a Summer (A) *Odeon, Haymarket*

It came as no surprise to learn that Michael Schultz had worked in the New York Theatre, where he directed the Negro Ensemble Company, as well as for TV: I missed his first feature film, *Cooley High*, but if it was only half as good as his second, *Car Wash*, it would still rate a visit. The new one sustains a racy, scabrous, elating rhythm which has everything to do with group playing, with the sense of community fairly brimming over into the auditorium. That last remark would more usually apply to a theatrical experience: it is apposite here because the small world of the Dee-Luxe Car Wash is the stage throughout, the time span is that of a working day, and music pursues the black and a few white menials wherever they go, belting out from the local downtown Los Angeles radio station, now and then improvised by workers or interlopers. Joel Schumacher's script, with its cross-references and *rengaines*, its free-flowing though intricate patterning, might better be described as a kind of verbal score. Matching the linguistic jive, there is an exuberant physicality: a couple of the employees want to be rock stars, a kid wheels murderously around on a skate-board, the boss's son Irwin (who is into pot and Maoism) gets thoroughly laundered and scrubbed by the machinery, young T.C., with an Afro hair style to whack Struwelpeter's in size, keeps dashing to a phone-booth too late to win a radio contest. Whitey, not so incidentally, is often a figure of fun.

Yet the film is no racist tract: the white boss (Sully Boyar) has an odd, touching moment of his own when he ineffectually promises he'll talk to an employee about a raise the next day. It only droops into something like sentimentality at the very close. Elsewhere, it is a vibrant celebration, full of invention, most likeable where it is most Tati-esque. A weird little wild-haired man, in mac and bow-tie, skitters about with a bottle of urine, to be mistaken for a Mad Bomber: thank you, Professor Irwin Corey. A chap, mummy-swathed in white bandages, is left mumbling in a car while his wife wanders off. Daddy Rich (Richard Pryor) passes by with his singing black beauties, everyone's idea of the slick hot-gospeller, evading the protests of the one utterly serious character, Duane (Bill Duke), who insists on being called Abdullah. This honest, puzzled creation, very well played, lashes out at the resident gay (Antonio Fargas): 'You sorry-looking faggot', to be met with the slinkiest of uppercuts – 'I am more man than you'll ever be and more woman than you'll ever get.' Watch out for Mr Schultz.

Hal Ashby has made some goodish to excellent movies: *The Landlord, Harold and Maude, The Last Detail, Shampoo*, (the order is chronological, not one of merit). With *Bound for Glory*, he has taken on that tacky genre, the biopic of a musical worthy. What I know of Woody Guthrie, singer and writer of folk songs, was never very much and Ashby's film, drawn by Robert Getchell from Guthrie's autobiography, fails to tell me a great deal more for all its length: 148 minutes. David Carradine undoubtedly gives a sterling performance as a drawling free spirit with a gift for ballads and banked fires smouldering away within: every so often, one is reminded of his father, John; even more frequently – and disconcertingly – the ghost of Gary Cooper might be walking, the Mr Deeds who came to town. This lanky recreation of Guthrie is first seen in 1936, trying to make ends meet as a sign-painter and as a musician at local hops; the small town of Pampa, Texas, grows more ghostly every day, as folk strike out for California; Guthrie, with a wife and two kids to support, chafes at the bit. A spectacular dust storm hits Pampa: soon after, he is off on a private odyssey, tramping the roads, hitching lifts, hopping freighting trains. Brutality is everywhere. Railroad bullyboys beat up some of his companions. You need 50 dollars to cross into California. Once there, he finds himself for a while in a shanty-town encampment of migrant crop pickers, with work for only a chosen few and company men on hand to keep down the others.

A local radio singer, Ozark Bule (Ronny Cox), visits the camp, attempting to get the workers unionised. He spots Guthrie's talent and soon has him playing and singing on the air. This newly politicised Woody is on his way, head on into trouble again. He sends for his family, breaking off an affair with a rich widder lady (Gail Strickland), but antagonises his sponsors by introducing protest songs into his show. He takes off, to sing to the workers in San Joaquin valley. Returning, battered and bruised, he is met by grander offers – coast-to-coast on CBS, a spot at the Cocoanut Grove. Auditioning for the second, he overhears talk of 'a simple hillbilly presentation': and walks out, our final view of him back at the freight trains while his voice-over dispenses his ever-living, ever-loving creed.

There are good lines and touches along the way. Guthrie is never less than outspoken: 'the more you eat, the more you shit', he says to a chatty, prosperous couple giving him a lift. His wife leaves him a goodbye note when she in turn walks out and he is, very humanly, peeved at her having put the time, 4.30 p.m., on it. Yet the true hero of this decently made film is surely the dust-hung Depression landscape. The lighting cameraman, Haskell Wexler, and the production designer, Michael Haller, deserve our praise for keeping the affair watchable when such bromides as 'The worst thing that can happen is to cut yourself loose from the folks' are falling on weary ears.

Robert Aldrich's *Twilight's Last Gleaming* has lost some 20 minutes of political debate, one hears, for British consumption: impossible to tell how seriously this has affected the result. The time is four years on and a group of escaped lifers, led by Burt Lancaster as Dell, an ex-Air Force officer, brusquely and brutally penetrate the inner sanctum of a nuclear missile base in Montana. Dell then proceeds to hold the nation to ransom, for money, safe conduct to freedom and the presidential promise to spill the beans over Vietnam. As one might expect, with that blood-and-guts director Aldrich in command, the physical (tactical *and* strategical) details of all this are stunningly worked out; such beloved oldsters as Richard Widmark, Joseph Cotten and Melvyn Douglas import a little conviction; split-screen techniques are put to useful, tension-building ends. Somehow I hardly believed a word or an image of the whole thing: it simply happened in front of me. Or, rather, it didn't.

Mark Twain's *The Prince and the Pauper* has been filmed twice before (by Warners in 1936, directed by William Keighley; and by Disney in 1962, directed by Don Chaffey): I recall having quite enjoyed the middle one. Now we have Richard Fleischer trying his hand at it and very good-looking is the outcome: this must be the most lavish production so far. It is probably the most violent, too. Mark Lester's thieving pauper (pronounced 'popper' by Ernest Borgnine as his dad – or was it Charlton Heston as Henry VIII?) is soon being knocked all over the set: never mind, Mark Lester's Prince Edward redresses that balance with some sterling sword and stick play. When you have George C. Scott as a robber chief, Rex Harrison as Norfolk, Oliver Reed as soldier of fortune Miles Hendon, you are likely to get a certain common denominator of speech: given the period, you might call it the 'speak-your-wight' delivery. Apart from several fights, my absolute favourite moments in this toshery belong to Raquel Welch. 'Edith?', says Miles, her long-gone lover, and her bosom goes, Heave. It goes Heave two or three times before the end.

Cablese: Jean-Louis Comolli's *La Cecilia* portrays the tensions in a Brazilian commune set up by the real-life anarchist Giovanni Rossi, first under the Emperor, then under a republic. Meat for discussion: and a stand-out appearance by Maria Carta as an ur-women's libber. *Echoes of a Summer*: glutinous slop about a kid dying of a bad heart and her divided parents; shouldn't happen to a dog, certainly not to Jodie Foster; Richard Harris hams as pa, 'a writer', the children come on sub-Salinger or through-a-glass-darkly.

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Television—1

Ian Hamilton

They Spy

'These men, they're our sort of people.' From the depths of many a 1951 club armchair came the cry, and it must have been genuinely heartfelt. Burgess and Maclean were admittedly queers, and drunken queers to boot, and they'd done the most frightful things at embassy parties and the like, but they were nonetheless top pedigree and for many of those whom they'd been quietly betraying for so long, it was this class betrayal that cut deepest – it was not so much How could they do that? as How could *they*, chaps just like us, do *that* to chaps like *us*?

Certainly, this was the approach Ian Curteis's excellent play *Philby, Burgess and Maclean* (Granada, Tuesday) decided to give weight to, and it did so with great plausibility. In the sealed-off world of the FO it would have been easier to persuade the spymasters that Herbert Morrison had been flogging secrets than to finger fellows you'd only ever fingered once before, at school.

I'm no expert on the ins and outs of the Burgess-Maclean affair so I'm not sure how 'documentary' this documentary drama really was. It worked superbly as a tightly-paced spy yarn, and the acting – by Derek Jacobi as Burgess, Michael Culver as Maclean and, pre-eminently, Anthony Bate as Philby – was as good as any that I've seen since the best episode of *I, Claudius*. But because Granada had announced beforehand that this was 'not a play in the conventional sense nor a documentary in the conventional sense, but something in between the two', and that thus some scenes were necessarily 'speculative', we were bound to wonder which scenes were which.

For instance, when Maclean, who'd been hitting the bottle out in Cairo, was seen having his 'nervous breakdown' shots of exploding atom bombs were shown. Was it really pangs about the bomb that got him down, or was his nervous breakdown invented by the FO to cover up the drunken scenes he was forever throwing? Similarly, later in the play, just as he's about to defect, Maclean expresses some rather lame misgivings about communism: 'I've never been convinced. In my head, yes, but I've always longed for that leap of faith.' Again, we wonder, was that really his position – or isn't it too much the kind of thing that defectors always say in spy tales? Part of the trouble with both the Maclean and the Burgess roles here was that we never saw either of them truly sober – it was therefore difficult to imagine them doing any heavy thinking about anything.

The Philby figure was altogether more persuasive, as in life he must have been, and one of the play's most gripping sections dealt with his gentle, almost genteel, inquisition at the hands of William Skardon (another first-rate performance, this, by David Markham). 'There's just one tiny thing that still bothers me . . .' was the approach, and Philby's stutter was never quite the giveaway it might have been, such was his overall, entirely posh, composure. There was, however, one tiny thing that bothered me, though maybe if I'd read more about the Philby case it wouldn't. In the play, his guilt is agreed on by the FO in 1955 but can't be proved; his public vindication is staged for face-saving purposes and his newspaper assignments in Beirut are fixed so that he can be watched and then nabbed as soon as he makes a false move. Can this have been what happened, and if so why did eight years pass before Philby disappeared?

'Casualties of the Cuts' seemed an overjaunty title for a *World in Action* (Granada) that began with close-ups of gored accident victims being sped down corridors to operating theatres, but it soon became clear that this was not to be a tough study of surgeons' drinking habits. Within seconds, the mutilated patients were speeding back again, quite healed, and we were being asked if things will happen quite so neatly from now on. Some local authorities are being told to cut £1 million from their allocations to hospitals, and *World in Action* wanted to know how many extra deaths are likely to ensue. No one was quite prepared to name a figure, but there were plenty of doctors on hand to murmur dark likelihoods. We visited an accident unit in Birmingham and a maternity hospital in Northampton: both of these are up for the chop – and so, therefore, might be many of the patients they will not be taking care of. Administrators looked compassionate, but much of their compassion was directed towards people (like certain doctors they could name) who don't know what the real world's all about. Thus, most of the programme was spent shuttling in a completely baffled way between opposed 'priorities'. Presumably, *World in Action* will return in a year's time to count the dead.

Before the recent Liverpool-Everton FA Cup Semi-Final, a Liverpool supporter was asked to predict the final score. 'Three each!' was his confident prediction, 'Three for Toshack, three for Heighway, three for Keegan . . .' and so on through the whole team, goalkeeper, substitutes, the lot. There are innumerable Kop jests along these lines, but hardly any of them got into *Hope In Their Hearts* (BBC-1). This study of Liverpool's memorable week, from the pre-Wembley build-up to the splendid victory in Rome, relied heavily on murky visuals of fans sleeping in luggage racks and players playing cards. What script there was came barnacled in clichés: 'Liverpudlians bounce back like a cork in the Mersey'; 'The splendour of Rome's heritage offers only temporary distraction from the real business of the day.' We learned something, though, of the sheer tedium and discomfort that makes up most of the true supporter's lot; those we saw here didn't look as if they had the strength to wreck a monument when they spilled off the train in Rome but within hours there they were all freshly pissed and spoiling for a rumble. The locals were dutifully praying for an English win, and just for once they got it.

Television—2

Charles Fox

All You Need ?

Until fairly recent times the smaller English county towns contained museums that had the same charm, the same sense of the unexpected, as the tattier kind of junk-shop. A stuffed albatross perching above the vats from a Victorian brewery; Sir Henry Irving's handkerchiefs alongside the drawings of an early triplane or a set of gilded sharks' teeth. Labelling would be scanty, dating highly arbitrary, scholarship confined to the curator's quirks and enthusiasms. Establishments of that sort have been swept away, victims of efficiency and the zest for higher education. But one, at least, still survives, even if it caters for what Marshall McLuhan used to call the global village. And it could be visited by anyone with a television set on any Saturday night over the past three-and-a-half months.

People who have stayed with *All You Need Is Love* (ITV – the final programme goes out this coming Saturday, by the way) since the bumper opening trailer should at least be aware that present-day rock owes its existence to the overlapping of African and Anglo-Saxon in 19th-century America. The matter is not purely academic, for technology has made popular music central to many individuals' day-to-day living, a background to action if not a motive for it. Explaining how it all happened seems every bit as important as any kind of musicology can be. So how did this televisual museum cope? Has the weekly vigi been worth while?

One is grateful, of course, for the historical footage, the chance to see Charlie Parker and John Coltrane, a straw-hatted Lorenz Hart, Leadbelly tomming it up fo John Lomax, Gus Elen singing *It's a Grea Big Shame*. And Tony Palmer, the curato of the series, displays, in his own filming a fondness for the bizarre – Elton John strutting like a polar bear with dark glasse on, Phil Spector sprawled beside a billiard table like Kane in Xanadu – even if hi cutting-in of violence often seems inscrut able (what had blacks beating up othe blacks to do with Pat Boone's gospel-singin daughters?). The fish-eye lens intruded to much (Lefty Diz, an obscure guitarist, look ed as if he'd contracted elephantiasis) bu as the narrative trundled into the Sixties th visual style began to fit the content.

Yet a history must do more than provid a nostalgic glow or a series of frissons. A overall view is needed, some sort of indica tion of how the present arrived from th past. This happened inside individual pro grammes when experts were given the heads: Paul Oliver did right by the blue Ian Whitcomb made Tin Pan Alley's oper tions crystal clear, Jerry Wexler explaine how black music was sold to white teen bopper girls. Yet no expert was safe, a

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ways liable to have the chair whisked from underneath his backside. So Rudi Blesh welcomed the Royal Ballet's dancing to Scott Joplin, only to have a pianist strike up James Scott's *Calliope Rag.*

Sixteen experts were, in fact, recruited to provide scripts, yet Tony Palmer (as he explains in his preface to the book of the series) chose to use these like trampolines, bouncing off them. Which explains much of the sloppiness. In the programme dealing with Swing, for example, every date (except one) attached to Thirties footage was wrong. Nor did what was being seen always correspond with what was being talked about. It was Marie Lloyd's daughter, not Marie Lloyd, who turned up singing *Every Little Movement Has a Meaning of Its Own.* And what were Twenties flappers doing Charlestoning behind a dissertation on the cakewalk?

The dance, as it happens, is crucial to any understanding of how black syncopations took over Western popular music. From the start of the century onward you had to be able to prance about to a popular song. Every phase in the development of popular music has coincided with new steps, new dance crazes: the fox-trot followed the cakewalk, jitterbugging and jiving came in with the swing bands. True, Palmer did include a shot of Chubby Checker performing *Let's Twist Again,* but more for period detail than as part of any argument. Yet one reason for rhythm-and-blues catching on in Britain at the start of the Sixties was because nobody could twist to trad jazz.

Romanticism is always the enemy of good history. It entered early in this series, notably in explaining Scott Joplin's downfall (the real tragedy was missed: *Treemonisha* is not good enough to break your heart over – although *Gladiolus Rag* was), burgeoning into necrophilia when the Sixties got going. Jimi Hendrix and Brian Jones, Jim Morrison and Janis Joplin; at least they were all, if unequal, performers. But Brian Epstein's suicide? And all that manoeuvring to show the knife at Altamont?

To some extent, of course, these are matters of taste or method. But to leave out George Gershwin, Glenn Miller and Bob Dylan, as the TV series did, was to discriminate against the facts of this particular sector of life. There were, admittedly, some faraway echoes of *In the Mood* as the credits rolled up for the programme about Swing, and Gershwin was glimpsed playing *I Got Rhythm,* but nobody mentioned *Porgy and Bess,* although Oscar Hammerstein II nearly got canonised. Film footage may sometimes be non-existent or beyond the budget yet in the end stills over records are preferable to nothing at all.

But alongside the disasters – the laughable rundown on jazz was as bad as any of them – there were triumphs, usually when an interviewee suddenly took off. John Hammond remembering the first time he saw Bessie Smith; Artie Shaw denouncing prepacked swing; Eric Clapton explaining why Cream sounded so boring; Lester Bangs lambasting the ignorance of the young. Above all, perhaps, Eubie Blake, the ineffable, still getting angry over being made to take off his hat to white pimps two-thirds of a century ago.

Music

Andrew Clements

Ivory Tower

Paul Badura-Skoda *New Gallery; further performances on 7, 9 and 12 June*
Rosalyn Tureck *New Gallery; further performances on 14 and 16 June*

While there is a real shortage of places where orchestras can rehearse and record in London, one might think we have enough concert halls already. Nevertheless there is a new one in Regent Street: the New Gallery, otherwise a cinema of quasi-religious leanings, was opened for recitals in April. The concert agents Ibbs and Tillett have spent £70,000 renovating the building and making the ceiling safe, but it remains a cinema: the stage is shallow and the tip-up seats lack leg room; the interval catering arrangements are totally inadequate. But, for piano at least, the acoustics are good – a well-projected, not over-bright sound without too much extraneous resonance. At present the programmes seem to be built into subscription series. String quartets are promised later, but meanwhile two pianists are to be heard: Paul Badura-Skoda is playing the Beethoven sonatas on seven evenings and Rosalyn Tureck Bach's *Well-Tempered Clavier* on four.

With only minor adjustments for the sake of programme balance, Badura-Skoda is working through the sonatas chronologically. In the recital I heard he'd reached the first years of the 19th century – Op 28 and the three sonatas of Op 31 were prefaced by the pair of little sonatinas published as Op 49 but written much earlier. He is a thoughtful, undramatic pianist, rather monochrome in tone, but faithfully reproducing the text with little indulgence save a rather irritating habit of pressing the tempo towards climaxes. This approach was characterised by the first sonata of Op 49, in G minor; drily precise, with very clear textures, even such unpretentious music had obviously been thoroughly considered and dissected, removing much of its grace and wit in the process. More successful was Badura-Skoda's version of the Pastoral Sonata, Op 28, as harmonically daring as anything Beethoven had then written. His restrained playing quite properly focused attention on the music's originality, losing its poise only in the finale, but he lacked the vigour to make the most of the Op 31 set, giving staid performances of sonatas that need a bravura gloss besides commonsense musicality.

Rosalyn Tureck is, however, a far more distinctive and provocative artist. She has been playing Bach on the piano for more than 20 years now, to the general fury of purists and critics. In her programme notes for the 48 Preludes and Fugues she quite clearly tolerated no dissent from her interpretative views, either on the instrument she uses or her edition of the music, a confrontation of manuscript sources and personal fancy.

Unlike Glenn Gould, whose recording of the 48 uses a shallow-toned piano with an harpsichord-like action, Tureck treats Bach entirely in terms of the modern concert grand, employing its full range of sonority and dynamic to build textures as rich as in any Romantic showpiece. As her speeds are predominantly slow the total effect is majestic rather than exciting. I longed to be surprised by an interpretation in the way that I am constantly by Gould's marvellous records, but could only admire her presentation of smoothly machined surfaces, delicately inflected with tasteful rubatos.

The opening C major Prelude was an exquisite patchwork of quiet tone colours, the E flat minor Prelude and Fugue full of sensitive phrasing; but both the C minor and D major Preludes suffered from being played too slowly, becoming graceless, and yet the final fugue on the first evening, in F minor, benefited from Tureck's measured tempo, unravelling its chromatic lines inexorably. It was a tribute to the New Gallery that every detail of her performances made its point quite effortlessly.

Tim Dooley

Hanworth

Off the new motorway, downstairs,
a thirties suburb sleeps. In grey
light, people shop or move pushchairs
along. We feel the bone-cold day
around us and walk fast through streets
just brandnames decorate. These paid-
for signs reflect where cloudwork meets
with brick, interrupt affairs
of blankness where couples stroll
by glass-front shops, assess and price
the packaged goods.

As if the whole
story were theirs, or this cool place
something they had warmed to, they walk
as careful lovers, light, in pace
with the placid day. Soft as talk
at distance, hidden like a soul,
the outer borough nurtures life,
continues, weathering like chalk
to turns of time.

Husband or wife
at one remove from rumour, smiles.
Between small flowerbeds there's still
a sense of sharing. The road trails
off. In a few streets time fields will
show horses beyond a child's belief;
green intervals, protected still from grief.

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Jubilee Competition

No 2466 Set by E. O. Parrott

Our issue of 6 May carried a poem by Roy Fuller about collecting his free bus pass. How about Byron applying for disability pension, E. B. Browning wanting a dog licence, Pope asking for platform boots on the NHS? Tastelessness is not discouraged. 150 words by 17 June.

Result of No 2463 Set by T. A. Dyer

We asked for a scene from the everyday life of Royal folk, as written by any contemporary dramatist.

Report by Paddy Beesley

Well, you lot had a whale of a time. Fun, you certainly had. Rough vernacular issuing from mouths full of gold fillings – that you undeniably enjoyed. I enjoyed it too; I won't equivocate. The spirit of keen, slit-eyed unsentimentality in which this whole issue abounds did not fail to respond to some of your playlets full of horse-droppings and extracted digits. But it was, was it not, a comp? Most of you, alas, ignored our second condition – that you write in the style of an identifiable dramatist. Those who obeyed prospered. The Editor, a man of republican sentiments as well as generosity, agreed to fork out £7 apiece to Ransome (Beckett), O'Brien (Thomas), Blackford (Douglas Home) and McGowan (Pinter).

Front centre, two fluted pedestals. On each one, a crowned head, illuminated by a spotlight. Throughout, the heads do not move except to speak. Voices expressionless. Faces impassive. Each pause is of four seconds duration.

FIRST HEAD: Twenty-five years now. Twenty-five years I've been at it. Not that it hasn't been fun. In the beginning. On the balcony. Crowds all waving. Demented crowds. Sort of a public symbol, you could say. Symbol for demented crowds. In the beginning. Not that it hasn't been fun. (*Pause.*) It gets worse.

SECOND HEAD: Export or die I said fell on deaf ears of course bloody US pack of bloody journalists spongers bolshies counterjumping twits always dig the dirt but what can you do with in-laws like that bloody hopeless. What?

H1: Twenty-five years. On and off the balcony. Demented waving in the springtime. Or was it summer? (*Pause.*) Not that it hasn't been fun.

H2: Bloody daughter can't stay on a horse arse over tit on the front page of the *Daily Express* now she's got herself knocked up country's full of wog millionaires count yourself bloody lucky to get a decent chukka these days. (*Pause.*) Well why go on?

H1: And jewels. Wearing jewels on the balcony. Or was it in church? In the beginning. Demented crowds. Round the church. To see me in my jewels. A public symbol. Not that it hasn't been fun. (*Pause.*) In the beginning. (*Pause.*) It gets worse. BASIL RANSOME

Enter NARRATOR (*Richard Burton in turtleneck sweater, looking remarkably fit, considering*).

NARRATOR: Look! Cocooned in the banknote cloak of night
Sandringham sleeps deep under Bloodylot Hill.
Listen! From where you are you can hear sovereignty
snoring, snoozing under the eyes of the Anigoniwatching
rich, WE SHALT on the wall, snug beside gleaming
coronets on mahogany bedside tables.
Phil the Greek's keen keel cuts deep in a sea of
scroungers' faces, cleaving the arms clutching for Benefit.
Fanned asleep by churning chopperblades Charlie dreams
of Timbertop and tippytoe on Oxbridge boards.
'Mark . . . fach!' moans Anne, as flung from his nightmare
her saddlesore, black and blue bum husband dreams of
dragging by one stirrup upside down over fern and furze, by barn byre and bracken.
His hot fomentations bubble in the dark.
Stop! Your eyes must not see the turnover-turning, slow,
silent sterling burning in vaults, earning unearned incomes.
The ancient pile sleeps, unafraid of dark or dawn.
C. P. O'BRIEN

(ANNE *comes through the French windows*)

ANNE: I say, Charlie, who on earth was that common-looking man? One of Mummy's awful Labour people?

CHARLES: Good heavens, no. They're quite clean and respectful now. Why, you wouldn't know them from a bunch of Tories. Which is what they are, of course. No, he's here cleaning up the Rubens.

ANNE: You mean painting clothes on all those frightful naked women? And not before time if you ask me. They may be classical, but they wouldn't get into Badminton like that.

CHARLES: It's not everybody who wants to.

ANNE: I'm not talking about cranks, Charles.

CHARLES: You seem in a beastly mood this morning, Anne. What's up? Mark not up to the mark or something?

ANNE: Ha ha! Very funny. I don't think. No, do you know what Mummy's beastly Defence crowd have done? Upped our rent by 50p.

CHARLES: That's some silver coin, isn't it? How very jubilee of them.

ANNE: It's all very well for you to scoff, Charlie, but it's so unjust that decent people like us are so beastly poor. Mummy must get her Gov. to up our allowances. Otherwise we'll have to give up a horse or something.
PAT BLACKFORD

A room. Back C., a leaded window covered in torn velvet. R. a door, a four-poster covered in a tangle of polo mallets and dusty speeding summonses. L. a dustbin marked 'ootligh s', a door, two stirrups on a hook, a disordered pile of sucking-pig-hide fruit bowls. Pause.

ANNE: You Welsh?

CHARLES: Uh . . . I been around . . . *Pause.* you know . . . *Pause.*

ANNE: Caw! (*Waving newspaper open at Court Circular*) This queen, it says here, this queen got insulted at a banquet in Australia. *Pause.* You been there?

CHARLES: I was over there . . . I was one of the first over there . . . *Pause.*
I'll be down to Cornwall, soon as the weather breaks . . . I got a dukedom down there . . . these shoes . . . (*indicates a pair of riding boots*) . . . they're all right . . .
Pause. Fade down then long pause.
Very faint light. Charles enters, tries the switch. No light. Funny . . .
A humming, grinding noise begins, gets gradually louder during the following.
Whassat? What's goin' on? Who's there?
Very frightened, he clutches at a polo mallet.
I'm ready for yer.
The noise is right behind him. Very loud. He screams. The noise stops. Lights. Elizabeth has replaced the light bulb. She holds an electric mincer.

ELIZABETH: Sorry. Did I frighten you? Just making the corgi's dinner. MORAY MCGOWAN

Tony Miles

Chess

No 36 More from Las Palmas

At the time of writing there are three rounds left to the end of the Las Palmas tournament. The leading scores are Karpov (USSR) 11/12, Larsen (Denmark) 8½, Timman (Holland) 8, Tal (USSR) and Debarnot (Argentina) 7½. Karpov has conceded just two draws, to Timman, against whom he had slightly the better of the game, and Larsen, where he was slightly worse. He was also in some difficulties against Adorjan but this did not deter him from winning. It seems likely that he will finish the tournament with 13½/15 – he has black against Tal in the last round – which would be an amazing score and as far as I can recall, would even exceed Fischer's best results in comparable events.

The tournament has produced several amusing miniatures, the best of which follow. The winner of the first game deserves some mention. He is an Argentinian, currently living in Las Palmas, has gained his IM title with three rounds to spare, and has excellent chances of scoring a GM result.

White: S. Tatai (Italy)
Black: R. Debarnot (Argentina)

1. P-QB4, N-KB3; 2. N-QB3, P-KN3; 3. P-K4, P-Q3; 4. P-Q4, B-N2; 5. N-B3, 0-0; 6. B-K2, P-K4; 7. B-K3, P x P. This is somewhat premature. The resulting positions favour white, but he must play very carefully to restrict black's counterplay. 8. N x P, R-K1; 9. P-B3, P-B3; 10. Q-Q2. I prefer 10. B-B2. 10. . . . QN-Q2; 11. 0-0, P-Q4; 12. KP x P, P x P; 13. N(Q4)-N5, B-B1; 14. B-B4. This whole idea is too optimistic. White should settle for more modest development. 14. . . . N-R4; 15. N-B7, N x B; 16. N x R(K8)?? Q-N4; Resigns. Black threatens . . . Q x P mate and . . . N-R6ch. If 17. K-B2, B-B4ch; 18. K-K1, N x Pch; 19. K-Q1, N-K6ch; 20. K-B1, Q-K4 wins everything.

White: M. Tal (USSR)
Black: R. Hernandez (Cuba)

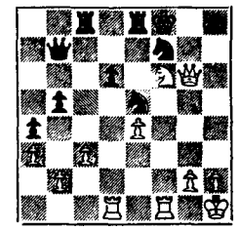
1. P-K4, P-QB4; 2. N-KB3, N-QB3; 3. P-Q4, P x P; 4. N x P, P-KN3; 5. P-QB4, B-N2; 6. B-K3, N-B3; 7. B-K3, 0-0; 8. B-K2, P-N3!? 9. 0-0, B-N2; 10. Q-Q2? This is not original. Neither is 10. R-B1? N x N; 11. B x N, B-KR3! followed by . . . N x P. Best is 10. P-B3. 10. . . . N x N. 11. B x N, P-K4! 12. B x P, N x P; 13. N x N, B x B. The bishop pair gives black the advantage – white has great trouble defending the dark squares. 14. N-B3, R-K1; 15. QR-K1? Better is 15. N-Q5. 15. . . . Q-B3; 16. Q x P, R-K2; 17. Q-Q2, QR-K1; 18. N-Q5, B x N; 19. P x B, Q-B5! 20. Q x Q, B x Q; 21. P-Q6, R x B, Resigns.

White: W. Browne (USA)
Black: J. Bellon (Spain)

1. P-K4, P-QB3; 2. P-Q4, P-Q4; 3. N-Q2, P x P; 4. N x P, N-B3; 5. N x Nch, NP x N; 6. B-K2, B-B4; 7. N-B3, Q-B2; 8. 0-0, P-K3; 9. P-B4, N-Q2; 10. B-K3, B-Q3; 11. P-B5, B-K2; 12. N-Q2, 0-0; 13. P-B4, B-N3; 14. P-B5, QB x P; 15. R x B, P x R; 16. B-Q3, R-K1; 17. B x P, N-B1; 18. N-K4, K-R1; 19. Q-R5, N-N3; 20. R-KB1, R-N1; 21. R-B3, Q-R4; 22. Q x Pch, Resigns. 22. . . . K x Q; 23. R-R3ch, K-N2; 24. B-R6ch, K-R1; 25. B-B8ch mates.

Problem 36

White to play. How should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than Wednesday 15 June.



Solution to Problem 34:

Black must lose a move. The simplest method is 1. . . . K-N6 (1. . . . B-B8; 2. N-R1, B-Q6 is also possible); 2. N-K4ch, K-B6; 3. N-B2, K-N7; 4. P-B6 (or 4. P-N6, B-R3; 5. P-R5, B-N4), P x P; 5. P x P, B-R3; 6. N-R1 (if 6. P-B7 then K-N6-B6-N7 again), R x N; 7. K-B2, B-B5; 8. P-R5, B-N4. Resigns (9. P-B7, B-R3).

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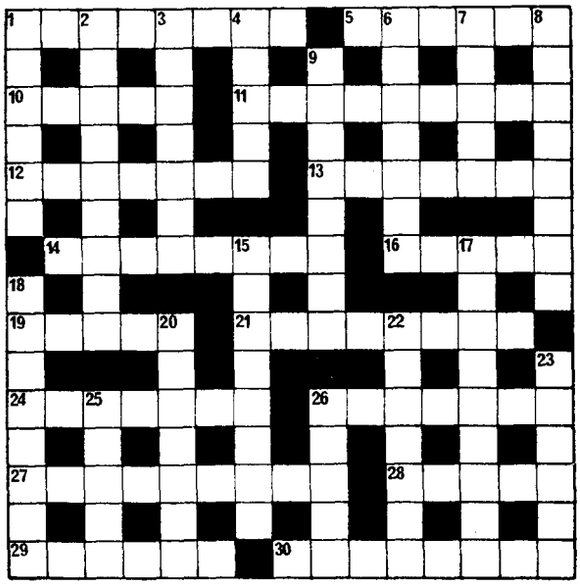
Weekend Crossword 1218

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1218, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 14 June.



ACROSS

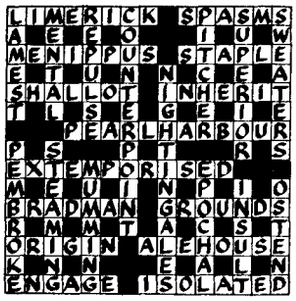
1. Frankly religious outside the home (8).
5. The cleverest become prosperous after gettting an alpha? (6).
10. If one is in tune possibly get into harmony (5).
11. Touch of genius reveals a garment in water (9).
12. Where one can get a place to live in a few hours (7).
13. Drugs I took in during operations (7).
14. Message about a case in Greek (8).
16. Part of a house so a household god is needed (5).
19. Stay covered in something black (5).
21. Presenting nothing between two extremes (8).
24. Turning round at a building (7).
26. Serfdom in the Jacobite era? (7).
27. Author who might make Nelly well (9).
28. Tiny letters (5).
29. Possibly side with me in the end (6).
30. The French back pursues the pursuer in verse (8).

DOWN

1. 'My desires, like fell and cruel ——' (*Twelfth Night*) (6).
2. Fellow-citizen who makes the hour begin badly (9).
3. 23 spends a morning in control (7).
4. Where to influence people? (5).
6. Passes to and fro when prohibition ends (7).
7. Take from part of play (5).
8. After rate changes certain to be valuables (8).
9. Drank freely when employed by a sculptor (8).
15. Parts of body which may be cut off when a woman is in labour (8).
17. Town tears clan in pieces (9).
18. Surprised when the beginning came first (8).
20. Foreigners look for negative backing (7).
22. Signalling success over a ruler (7).
23. Craft which suffers a reverse in these hapless events (6).
25. Heat in another marathon race (5).
26. Instrument of prohibition on a Liberal (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1216



Prizewinners to No 1216

Lorna Curtin (Vienna)
Armoral Hill (St Albans)
Alison Crawshaw (London W2)

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(Ref. H.266)

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The Postholder will be expected to undertake surveys and to institute and maintain links with such agencies as the D.O.E. and the Commission for Racial Equality, and enthnic minority groups in the Borough.

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Ability to deal tactfully and effectively at all levels, and with groups of different ethnic background is essential.

Application forms are obtainable from the **Personnel Officer, Directorate of Housing & Property Services, London Borough of Lambeth, 3-7 Town Hall Parade, Brixton Hill, London SW2 or tel: 01-274 7722 ext. 38. Closing date 20 June, 1977.**

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Closing date for completed applications – 24th June, 1977.

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Courses continued from p. 764

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Vol. 93 No. 2411

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CHICHESTER. 0243 86333. 3, 4, 6, 8, 9 June at 7, 'Waters of the Moon'. 4 & 9 June at 2, 7 & 10 June at 7, 'In Order of Appearance'.

ROYAL COURT. 730 1745. Prevs 11 June 5 p.m. & 8.30 p.m. Opens 13 June at 7 p.m. Max Wall, John Thaw in 'Fair Slaughter' by Howard Barker.

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NATIONAL THEATRE. 928 2252. 'Julius Caesar', 'Volpone', 'Tales from the Vienna Woods', 'Bedroom Farce', 'State of Revolution', 'Strawberry Fields', 'To Those Born Later'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 928 2256.

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Meetings

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PEOPLE'S JUBILEE at Alexandra Palace, Sun. 19 June, 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Santiago Carrillo; Gordon McLennan; 7.84 and Banner Theatre; Tony Miles; Film; Folk; Children's Festivals; Aswad and Soft Machine. Tickets £2, OAP's £1, Children 50p from CPGB, 16 King Street, WC2.

THEOSOPHY. Simple talks for inquirers: Sun. 5 June 8 p.m. 'The Astral Body'. S.a.e. free pamphlet, book list. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

THE FUTURE OF BROADCASTING: Seminar, Sat. 18 June. Chairman: Anthony Smith. Speakers: Marghanita Laski; Nicholas Garnham; Sir Geoffrey Cox; Phillip Whitehead; Peter Edmonds; Alan Sapper. 10.30-4.30. Tickets £1 from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. 930 3077.

ANDRE MIQUEL, Professeur au Collège de France, will give a lecture on 'La poésie arabe archaique' on Thursday 9 June at 6.15 p.m. at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. Tel: 01-589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

'THE BRITISH ROAD TO SOCIALISM'. Public meeting on the case against the new draft. Speakers: Sid French; Alan Bush and Jack Dash will make the appeals. Thurs. 9 June 8 p.m. Merton Civic Hall (adjoining Wimbledon BR stn). Adm. 10p. Organised by Surrey District Communist Party.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY. 'The Challenges of Retirement', Sidney Jones BA ABPsS. Tuesday 14 June 7.30 p.m. Presbyterian Church Hall, Charing X Rd (next to Midland Bank, Cambridge Circus). Visitors welcome 30p (students 10p). Weekend School 9-11 Sept., St Hilda's College Oxford: 'How to make Life more Meaningful'; Details ASGB, 11/414 Wimbledon Park Road, London SW19.

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Monday 27 June 8.30 p.m.
Sir Brian Young, Director General, Independent Broadcasting Authority

Monday 4 July 8.30 p.m.
Lord Annan, OBE, Chairman, Committee of Inquiry on the Future of Broadcasting

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Picket of the Commonwealth Conference
Thursday 9 June 5.30 p.m. Picket of the Home Office.
Sunday 12 June 2.30 p.m. Trafalgar Square Rally and March to Lancaster House—Human Rights in Uganda!
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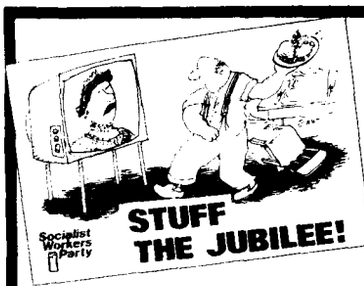

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